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THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 5 NOVEMBER, 1898 NUMBER 1

THE CRUISE OF THE PRAIRIE

During the recent war with Spain, it has not been the fortune of every one to participate in that struggle for humanity which has gained for America the respect and admiration of the world. For the benefit of my schoolmates and friends, who did not go to the front, I give a brief sketch of my cruise on the Prairie, and the discipline that one is subject to on an American man-of-war.

WHEN the first call for volunteers was issued by the President, the Naval Brigade of Massachusetts was ordered to report on the U. S. S. Minnesota for a week's tour of duty,—in anticipation of the troubled times. On Friday the twenty-ninth of April the captain called for seventy volunteers to man the U. S. auxiliary cruiser Prairie. A hundred and seventy men eagerly stepped forward; but the captain chose the young and unmarried men in preference to those who were older and had families dependent upon them. The fortunate ones, of whom I was one, were given leave of absence until Monday to go home and say good bye to their families and friends.

At four o'clock on Monday the 2d of May, our train slowly drew out of the Providence station amid the cheers and tears of the crowd gathered together to bid us God-speed. The trip to the Brooklyn Navy Yard was uneventful, and it was with a great deal of interest that we looked for the first time on the Prairie, which was to be our home throughout the war.

It will be necessary to describe the Prairie a little, so that the conditions under which we lived and moved may better be understood. The Prairie originally was the El Sol, one of the five largest

ships belonging to the Morgan Line of Merchantmen sailing between New York and New Orleans. At the commencement of hostilities the government purchased these five ships outright, and converted them into a class of ship known as the auxiliary cruiser. The Prairie was four hundred and eight feet over all, forty-two foot beam, twenty-one feet maximum draught, with a tonnage of forty-eight hundred. She was the heaviest armored of the five sister ships, and in fact rivalled several of the second-class cruisers, as her regular armarment consisted of ten six-inch rapid-fire guns—the most modern type—six six-pounders, and two Colt automatic magazine rifles capable of firing four hundred shots a minute. To protect her engines and boilers from the smaller shot of the enemy, the top coal bunkers were filled with sand. From the third until the thirteenth of May we were occupied in putting the ship into commission, that is, getting on board and mounting the large and small guns; lowering some two thousand rounds of ammunition into the magazines, getting on board and examining the paymaster's stores, consisting of food and clothing for the crew, the ship's stores which consist of tackle of all sorts, spars, canvas, cables and hawsers, besides putting the ship into a seaworthy condition.

At last, on Friday the thirteenth of May, at thirteen minutes past ten we cast loose the last line that held the Prairie to the wharf, and amid tooting of whistles and dipping of colors, started on our eventful cruise. We had received orders to report to Commodore Howells and join the patrolling fleet off the New England coast.

The first night-watch was extremely interesting; for we sailed in perfect darkness, and silently as a phantom ship, not a light showing. We watched several distant lights with great excitement and reported them with the hope that they might prove to be Spaniards, and that we should give chase. But of all the lights we saw, none were thought to be suspicious; so greatly to our disappointment the first night at sea passed without adventure.

The next morning as we were sailing up the southern coast of Cape Cod we saw, dead ahead, a large ship with fighting tops, which proclaimed her to he a warship. Immediately the bugler sounded "clear ship for action," and for a few minutes the utmost

confusion reigned; but no sooner was everything in fighting trim, than the stranger ran up the American colors, and a string of signal flags, which informed us that she was no other than Commodore Howells' flag-ship San Francisco. Instead of firing a broadside of six-inch shell as we had hoped to do, we fired a commodore's salute of eleven six-pounders. We then followed the flag-ship into Provincetown harbor, where we remained until night. At evening colors (sunset) we again sailed, and took up our beat, patrolling from Cape Elizabeth, Maine, to the Highland Light on Cape Cod. We remained on this beat for about four weeks, occasionally putting into Provincetown harbor to report to the "Frisco."

One day we received orders to proceed at once to New York. It was on a Sunday, after we had been coaling ship for four days, and half the crew were ashore on liberty when the Navy Yard tug came alongside with orders for us to sail at once to Key West. We had three hundred tons more coal to put on before sailing, so we worked hard all Sunday night, and by morning we had it all on board.

The cruise to Key West was uneventful. On the morning of the third day we sighted the coast of Florida, and sailed within half a dozen miles of the shore all day, so that we had a fair idea of how Florida appears. Finally at four in the afternoon we dropped anchor at Key West. Here were collected all the prizes taken, guarded by the Columbia, the Terror and the Puritan.

At noon of the next day we sailed to join the blockading fleet off Havana. The first view of Cuba which we had was of the mountains about Havana, which appeared to rise right out of the water to a great height. Presently we sighted the Amphitrite, the flag-ship of the blockading fleet. After an exchange of salutes we took up the station which she indicated by signals. For four or five days we sailed up and down our beat, sometimes so near Morro Castle that we could distinctly see the Spanish sentry walking on the walls. At night we kept a sharp lookout for blockade runners; for it was at night that they attempted to steal by the Yankee ships and enter Havana.

On the fifth of July the Amphitrite left to coal up, and as our captain was next highest in rank, the Prairie was flag-ship during the Amphitrite's absence. At about ten in the morning we saw coming toward us at full speed a small yacht, which proved to be the converted yacht Hawk. The Hawk brought news that a large ship was trying to run the blockade about twenty-five miles to the "west'ard" at a place called Mariel. We immediately "cleared ship for action," and sailed under four bells and a jingle (full speed ahead) for Mariel. We arrived just too late to make a capture, but in time to see the ship run aground and thus evade capture, which would surely have been the fate of ship and crew if we had arrived sooner. There was no use in crying over spilt milk, so we just sailed into her with our six-inch guns, to prevent the crew from landing the ammunition and stores with which the Alfonso XII was loaded. A couple of well-aimed shots from our forward six-inch gun smashed her stern to pieces and blew up her magazine, thus setting her on fire. About this time some shore batteries opened on us, and for a short time we had a lively scrimmage, some of the shot from shore flying over our heads, while others fell short; none coming near enough to do any damage. It did not take long for our six-inch guns to silence these batteries; for each time one of our balls struck we could see cart-loads of sand thrown into the air. Meanwhile two small gunboats came out from under the stern of the burning ship, and opened on us with guns that fell short by a mile. Two magnificently aimed shots from us made them disappear beneath the water. After it was all over we steamed slowly back to our station.

One afternoon not many days later, when we were eating our dinner, a dense fog settled down over us so thick that we could see only a few yards from the ship. Suddenly the bugle sounded "clear ship for action." There was a tremendous rattle of dishes, tables and benches, as they were literally thrown on the deck below. We all rushed on deck, with the hope that a blockade runner had run foul of us in the fog, and when a large steamer with three smokestacks loomed up ahead of us, we thought that our anticipations were to be realized, and that a prize had fallen to out lot.

But, to our great disappointment, she ran up the American colors, together with her private number, which informed us that she was the Yale, formerly the New York of the American Line.

A few days later the "Frisco" again came with orders for us to take up the blockade of Gibara, a small town about four hundred miles to the east'ard, where it was thought blockade runners frequently landed their supplies. About a week after we had arrived on this beat, we saw a small tug put out from the town and come toward us. A six-pounder was fired across her bows and she immediately hove to. We sent a boat alongside with men armed to the teeth, to repel treachery if there should be any. The boat returned in about half an hour with the ex-American consul, who informed us that the Spaniards would surrender the town if we would send a guard to protect the inhabitants from the guerillas. A boat was immediately manned, and, armed with a large American flag, she pulled for shore. Then, amid a great cheering by the crew, the American ensign was raised over Gibara.

The next day about noon we heard heavy firing to the east, and as we were on guard, we immmediately went to see what the matter was. We had not gone far when we met the Dupont, which informed us that the Terror and the Puritan were in the harbor of Nipe engaged with some Spanish gunboats. We started to join in the fun, but found the water at the entrance too shallow to allow us to enter; so we contented ourselves with hammering away at some sand batteries which had opened on us.

Two days later the "Frisco" again came, with orders for us to proceed to Guantanamo and join Admiral Sampson's fleet. We shall never forget the sight which greeted our eyes when we sailed into Guantanamo Bay; for all our ships in the eastern waters were concentrated in line,—the New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Oregon, Indiana, Iowa, Texas, Montgomery, Newark, Marblehead, Vesuvius, Ericsson, Dupont, Porter and Yankee. While in this harbor Admiral Sampson came on board the Prairie and was so impressed with the beauty of our ship that he at once rated her as a second-class cruiser. (*To be continued.*)

AUSTIN H. PARKER, '98.

A TWILIGHT OF DISCORDANT HARMONY

"I'LL be hanged if I am going to stare at this miserable Latin another minute!"

This remark — uttered in the gentle, refined way peculiar to boys of that age when a changing voice renders all productions of the throat as harsh as they are doubtful — was the sole disturber of the quiet which had for an hour and a half been scarcely broken in Stanley Boswell's room. He had passed quickly, in that short hour and a half of studying, through those stages so well know to us all: first, of good resolutions; second, of apparent restlessness; and third, of absolute disgust and submission. He had accomplished but a small portion of the work which his better self still urged him to do, in spite of all excuses that he might bring to bear upon the subject.

Yet, after all, since the old Romans did not know enough, or else were not sufficiently unselfish, to revise their language and make it even reasonably easy for later generations to study, was it his fault if he could do only about half of his lesson? If his teacher was so forgetful of the days when he was a boy that he always gave two pages to be translated when one would have been an elegant sufficiency, was it to be expected that the scholars also would overlook the fact that when young, or never, they must have their fun? Not at all! Why, that would be absurd!

So, vigorously throwing the odious representative of ancient times into a corner, and leaving it in a condition that would have done the heart of any book-binder good, Stanley donned a stunning cap (made according to the most fashionable carpet pattern) and, with an irresistible wave in his hair and an immaculate shine on his shoes, sauntered up the street in that listless state which leads one oftentimes to — well, which leads one in the direction of the house of a young lady.

How bracing and invigorating the cool air; such a contrast to its dull, stagnant imitation in his room! How pleasing to the eye the rich shades and varied colors of approaching sundown; so

much more interesting and inspiring than his printed landscape of a few moments before — a landscape limited by two pages of dry Latin.

With his hands deep in the hidden recesses of his pockets (the recipients of so many secrets) he gazed almost with rapture at the glowing west, and saw in his mind's eye — with that imagination which solitude is wont to magnify and encourage, especially during the hours of long shades — numerous visions of fiery furnaces, of wide-spread ravaging fires doing terrible execution, and undoing, perhaps, in the brief space of a moment, what man had spent days in accomplishing. Who, but the most painfully matter-of-fact, could have viewed such a perfect example of Nature's inimitable art without experiencing some such vision; without soaring, for a moment at least, among the very gold-tinged clouds he admired?

But perhaps the recent nightmare, in the shape of a Latin lesson, aided Stanley in the pleasing idea which that glowing fiery west awakened in him. For he saw an enormous pile of Latin Grammars, Cæsars, Ovids, Ciceros — every conceivable kind of Latin book — he saw himself dancing gaily around this flaming heap of printed matter, much to the delight of his schoolmates, and correspondingly to the horror of the teachers — he perceived this mass of enemies glowing and smouldering in the last agonies of existence; yes, he imagined himself even upon the verge of heaving the struggling and imploring Latin teacher himself on the heap of ashes, when —

"Good evening, Stanley. I see that you also are admiring the grandeur and peace with which approaching twilight surrounds us all. Have you any particular destination in mind?"

Speaking of angels, here was the very one whom Stanley had so nearly cremated but a moment before.

"Yes indeed, sir — I mean no, sir, oh no! It's a beautiful evening." Rather a vague and confused answer to the teacher's remark, and Stanley realized it; so he turned suddenly very red, cleared his throat with remarkable vigor, and became really quite interested in the general appearance of the ground in the vicinity of his feet.

"Then we may stroll along together," suggested the teacher, with a pleasant smile which Stanley's eyes, being still wrapped up in the ground, felt, rather than saw.

Stanley informed him that he "would be delighted," and fervently wished himself back in his own room, however stuffy and close. He knew full well that his instructor's smile was a sign of unusual talkativeness (a sign, by the way, which seldom fails, whoever the teacher may be). Nor was he mistaken.

"Stanley," began that learned individual presently, "I don't know whether or not you realize what an advantage it is for you to be able to read daily such gems as those which have been preserved for us in the Latin tongue; for gems they certainly are."

The gentleman addressed wished that they, like many other gems, were buried under a few hundred feet of water or sod; but he said, "Oh, yes, sir!"

A hideous silence, broken only, at amazingly short intervals, by the production of Stanley's sole stand-by — the handkerchief.

"Such splendidly constructed and finished orations as Cicero's," finally continued the unsuspecting teacher, "and such interesting tales as that of Æneas make one often feel like abandoning and disregarding other less interesting studies. Are you ever troubled in that way, Stanley?"

"Sometimes."

"Then you would like to have longer lessons in Latin, perhaps?" suggested the teacher.

Just what Stanley had expected. Here he was in a situation far from pleasing, and he had been with the teacher perhaps five minutes. Clearly, the only way out of the difficulty was to raise some unusual excitement; some means of changing the topic of discussion.

"My! did you see that shooting-star way over to the left?" he shouted suddenly.

The teacher did not, nor, to tell the truth, did Stanley — for it was still a little early for such sights — but the latter remarked that he "had never quite understood shooting-stars."

"Why, is that so?" said the teacher. "It is very possible that you derive your ignorance in this matter from the Romans, who, as you will remember, never understood the 'apparition,' as they called it, and who regarded it as a bad omen."

This particular visionary star certainly was a bad omen. It had led the conversation in a bee-line back to the very place from which it had started, to the edge of the abyss, in other words. However, Stanley thanked his lucky stars — if there were any such — that the sun had not been delayed in its downward course, for if it had it would have revealed in his face a curious study of apprehension and disgust — a revelation which darkness alone prevented.

But to return. Was man ever placed in a more foolish position? Here he was, a boy of fair intelligence, fairly well read, and yet wholly unable to start any subject of conversation which would not lead to the one absorbing topic in his teacher's mind, and the one dreaded one in his own.

Then came an inspiration. He would start the teacher guessing a conundrum, no matter how impossible or crude. In fact the more impossible and crude, the better; for it would take him just so much longer to find it out — that is, if he ever did.

So having puzzled his brain over it for a minute (he dared not wait longer) he burst out with the following apology:—

"Can you tell me, sir, what this is?

'Who drops from my first,
My second will be;
While the whole gives great pleasure
To you and to me.'"

"Sundown," was to be his answer if any were needed.

"Very neat," thought Stanley, as the teacher proceeded to scratch his nose violently. "Mighty neat! I guess I have fixed him for a few minutes." And he came so near chuckling out loud that he felt obliged to pinch himself to prevent such a calamity.

The teacher was indeed having a hard time. He scratched his nose, then he scratched the back of his head, and then he scratched

his nose again; until the last named article became so red that it almost shone, and until his hair — not short, by the way — assumed rather the appearance of a mop — all of which actions sent Stanley off into such internal and eternal convulsions of silent laughter, that he imagined (if I may be pardoned the observation) that all the buttons on his vest were about to fly off at tangents by themselves.

The unfortunate object of his mirth began to reason aloud: "Let me see, let me see. 'Who drops from my first, my second will be; while the whole gives great pleasure to you and to me.' Well, I declare that is funny!" Then he repeated the words and relapsed again into silence.

"Hurrah!" thought Stanley, "What a trump I am! I rather think I have started his head out of its everlasting Latin rut." And he was just congratulating himself on the complete success of his plan when he was interrupted by the teacher's lively voice.

"Sure enough! Why, how slow I have been. The first is 'verge' and the second is 'ill,' and Virgil gives great pleasure to you and to me. Sure enough, it 's 'Virgil.' Good one, Stanley, good one!"

Stanley suddenly remembered an engagement which he had hitherto forgotten.

R. D. B., '99.

Recently the members of Pi Nu Phi, and a few friends, were extremely glad to greet Austin Parker, informally, in Harold Bynner's room at Harvard. Parker was, of course, waylaid by questions of every description concerning the "Prairie," questions which, however tiresome to him, were of much interest to all the rest. He in turn, had revenge on his unsuspecting admirers by distributing among them, with remarkable liberality, some samples of "hardtack;" and they no longer wonder that our soldiers faced death so resolutely.

JACK IN A STUDY PERIOD

THE third period bell was ringing, and Jack, looking up lazily at the programme on the board, decided after a few minutes that he was wanted in Room 10 for study. With his Virgil twirling neatly on his first finger he sauntered across the hall and flopped into the nearest seat; but at the entrance of the owner, discovered (to his sorrow) his mistake. Of course, quite by chance, he took a back seat near the window.

"Whew! thirty lines of Latin! Someone is evidently getting ambitious." Jack was doing a little mental arithmetic, deciding upon how *little* he could translate during that period, when a battered aster thrown from the opposite corner, in a measure disturbed his calculations; and a lively game ensued with the unoffending flower, until the teacher came into the room and called the pupils to order.

Jack opened his book and read a few words — "Nox erat, et terris anima"—

Perfect silence in the study period for two minutes.

"Terribly hot!" grumbled Jack to himself. He opened the window, and standing there, looked out, chuckling to himself, as long as he thought best. He noted with infinite pleasure the papers taking a hurried exit from the neighboring desks, and in due time it occurred to him to lower the window.

While thus acting the "Good Samaritan," he came in contact with the curtain cord. Noble inspiration! He passed the cord under his desk-cover and with his right hand pulled it gently. The curtain obediently followed. He amused himself thus for a short time until he heard a peculiar noise on his right, and, looking up, discovered a boy crunching a chestnut. This reminded him of his own pockets, and diving into them he forgot the curtain-cord which slipped from the desk and away went the curtain to the top of the window. Everyone, including Jack, looked up wonderingly. So strange! But curtains have been known to act that way at times.

Back to his pockets. He found in his explorations an apple. How lucky! And he immediately began operations, to the envy of

his neighbors. Dodging behind the spacious back of the boy in front he managed to swallow most of it, and with a sheet of paper, wrapped up the core. Then, lifting the cover of a near-by desk he carefully deposited his offering.

He now opened his own desk to investigate its contents, but his friend in front, watching his chance, carelessly dropped his head back, hit the desk-cover, and down it went on poor Jack's fingers. But Jack felt in a measure avenged as he wiped his shoes up and down the boy's trousers.

The warning voice of the teacher was heard, but Jack looking at the clock reflected that there were only ten minutes more, and seeing a pencil on the desk, drew an impossible portrait and held it up for a friend to see. The friend was busy. A low hiss reached the teacher's ears, but looking up she saw that "All was quiet on the Potomac." Then a catchy cough; but still the friend was engrossed in his work. Impatiently Jack stamped both feet on the floor. This evidently had the desired effect, for the friend seeing the paper, tried to restrain himself, but the laughter burst out like water from an unused faucet and he was only saved by the ringing of the bell.

Jack gave a sigh of weariness upon leaving the room, and confided to his friend that he had "too much work to do and was going to see if he could n't drop something." F. J., '01

When a scholar persists, and with best of intentions, in giving original translations in such a "Gatling-gun" manner as that in which the following was presented, we can not thank him too much for varying, so successfully, the monotony which would otherwise reign. Behold the translation: "Having noticed that he was slight of stature, she said, 'Man, where is your husband?' and he looked fearfully around with eyes closed."

OUR HEROES

Out from the B. H. S. they go,
  Our heroes, tall and strong;
Under their jerseys the muscles show,
And lion-like, their dark manes grow
  Delightfully thick and long.

As they play for the school they are in their prime,
  Their trousers are far from white;
But what of the fact of mud and grime,
We are here for a cheering time,
  We have come for a desperate fight.

The hills are red with the dying sun,
  The twilight comes like a dream;
But until this foot-ball game is done,
We strain our eyes for every run
  That is made by our fine, brave team.

Now not our eyes, but our throats we strain,
  Our voices, hoarse and loud;
"B. H.!" we cry with our might and main;
And then we follow in jubilant train—
  Of the conquerors justly proud.

—— '01.

SKETCHES

I

A FLAG RAISING

NEW York harbor presented a very animated picture. I stood on the top deck of a ferry-boat and enjoyed it. Over the gray waters of the bay plied the busy crafts of that busy city. Fussy, self-important little tugboats scurried past, sending white spray flying from their bows; ponderous black ocean liners bound for foreign ports moved slowly toward the open sea; tiny steam launches flashed by, in and out among the slower moving crafts; and ungainly ferry-boats, laden with crowds of busy men and women, passed us. Here and there a white-sailed yacht skimmed by, and occasionally one of Uncle Sam's slim, gray, sharp-nosed fighters was to be seen.

In front of us stretched the great smoky city. In the background loomed the high buildings of New York, making a jagged sky-line against the gray heavens. In the foreground lay the long, low wharves on the water's edge.

From one of the black wharves there rose a slender white flagpole, reaching straight up towards the lowering sky. People pushed to the edge of the boat and from hundreds of crafts all eyes were directed towards it.

At the first stroke of the noon hour, up the pole slowly crept the flag; higher, higher and higher. Why did one hold his breath? It reached, at last, the gilded ball. The fresh ocean breeze caught it and flung its bright new folds out over the gloomy wharves.

The scene changed as if by magic! No one held his breath now. From every one rose a glad wild cheer, and every man's hat was in the air. All the boats seemed to be cheering too. Tugs tooted their shrillest, steam yachts piped their clearest, and the great steamers bellowed hoarsely. Every craft joined in a united salute. The sun burst from the clouds and beamed on the flag with its freshest rays. Nature and man joined in to make the first wave of the new flag a happy one.

Men want back to their work whistling "The Star Spangled Banner," and every one felt happier in remembering the bright new stars and stripes of "Old Glory" fluttering so gaily over the dingy weather-beaten wharves. E. M. R., '00.

II

KIMBAL'S POOL

Just at the foot of Kimbal Hill on your right as you go to the harbor is a little pool. The sea-grass grows down to its edge on all sides. Its surface even during the winter storms is never ruffled by more than a few little ripples. On your left you see the ocean, in calm weather gently lapping the foot of the rocks, but in a storm breaking with a crash and tossing foam high into the air.

A strange story is connected with this pool. Once, a long time ago, there lived in the village a man named Job Kimbal. He worked for farmer Trask, a worthy citizen of the town.

Job had only one very marked characteristic; he was a drunkard. Mr. and Mrs. Trask turned this trait to good account; for they paid Job for his services not money, but so much gin a day. Job would save up each day's wages, pouring it into a jug which he kept for the purpose up in the barn-loft where he slept. When the jug was full, Job would drink the whole in one night, sleep all the next day, and on the third day set to work again and begin to save up his next jug-full.

One stormy evening Mrs. Trask met him as he was climbing down from his loft where he had been sleeping all that day; for the night before he had found that his jug was full. She was very angry, because the day's work had been hard and she had missed Job's help; so she told him her opinion of him and how other people, his fellow townsmen and neighbors, regarded him. Then she sent him down to the village on an errand.

On his way back from the village, as he plodded along through the wind and rain, Job thought of what Mrs. Trask had said to him, and he decided that it was not worth while to save up jugs of gin.

At the foot of the hill he stopped and looked out to sea, where the waves were breaking on the rock with a roar; then he looked at the pool at his feet. It seemed calm and warm.

And now they call the little patch of water Kimbal's pool.

E. C., '99.

III

RATS

It was about two-thirty A. M., an hour when all civilized persons ought to have been in the "Land of Nod" or some such poetic region; and yet Mrs. Sindle was as wide awake as an owl. She herself had attempted to prove that she really was not awake, and, with this end in view, had started to bite off the end of her finger; but she found out that it hurt. As she had heard that such performances do not hurt in the poetic regions above mentioned, she had finally hit upon the brilliant and startling conclusion that we have just had occasion to mention; namely, that it was about two-thirty A. M., and that she was wide awake.

Then the remarkable ability in the line of reasoning, which she had so far shown, began to fail. True, that if anyone had had the audacity to tell her that the noise, the fearful noise, which was issuing from the wall at the head of her bed, and which, in all probability, had brought her so suddenly to her "early morning" senses — if anyone had had the audacity to tell her that she imagined all this, she would undoubtedly have laughed in his face. But beyond the mere fact that a most awful series of thumps was coming from the said direction, and that either someone or something was having a very lively time on the attic stairs (her active mind had gone so far as to locate the sound) she knew and comprehended nothing. Had you told her that the maid, who occupied the room at the head of the attic stairs, was amusing herself by sending her compliments, in the shape of trunks and furniture, down to the occupants of the second floor, Mrs. Sindle undoubtedly would have believed it; and then again, had you notified her that "Barnum and Bailey" had enclosed three or more elephants on the

stairway, she would probably have been perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and, thanking you for the news, would have turned around and fainted or even died of fright.

But if "curiosity killed a cat," it as certainly has saved the lives of many women. It has, of course, been noticed that women seldom faint until they have became acquainted with the facts of a catastrophy, and never except in the presence of a gentleman. This, therefore, was not the time for her to succumb. So as Mrs. Sindle is the sole heroine in this sketch I would have you understand that she was no exception to the rule, no traitor to the cause of her sex. She did not faint.

Meanwhile the racket continued. First there would be a series of blows of heart-rending weight, directed evidently at random, now striking the attic door with a frightfully wooden sound, now attacking the stairs and walls; then silence would suddenly follow for perhaps ten seconds at a time. These intervals of silence were even more terrible than the noise; each in its turn meant, in Mrs. Sindle's distracted imagination, the vanquishment of her "other half." Oh how she longed and prayed for daylight, how she dreaded the loss of her husband! She had always loved him dearly; and now that he was suffering, dying, perhaps, in the hands of a scoundrel, her love was redoubled.

Then came the end. It was after an unusually long lapse of silence that she heard someone open the attic door. As if this were but a murderous signal or a death-knell, an agonizing demoniac yell immediately followed the action; then a fall of a body on the hall floor, a chuckle, and all was still.

For a minute she scarcely breathed; like Uncle Remus "she felt that every moment was going to be the next." At the end of what seemed to be endless moments her door was cautiously opened to admit the dishevelled head and voice of her husband.

"What! you awake! Then I suppose you heard me yell and drop the broom when he jumped over my head. I thought I had been hearing rats lately. But I'll get him yet." After which his head bobbed out and the door slammed.

She was real angry.

R. D. B., '99.

NEWS NOTES

Boys, we must eat plain food! Those in the geometry classes are doing so, at least.

"Oh," said a member of the Fourth Class, as he listened to Austin Parker's speech, "how young he makes me feel!"

We are most happy to learn that one of the boys of '99 took six honors at Harvard. Bully for him! Why not ask for his recipe?

As it was said that our school needed a "scrub," it has received one. Some innocent young lady might remark that the building looks about the same as it did before.

We greet most gladly the return of a long lost teacher. Her well-known sayings are presumably unchanged. We suppose that "An honest confession" is still "good for the soul," etc.

On September 29th the Fourth Class held its first class meeting. The following officers were chosen for 1898–1899: Harris Barbour, president; Marion White, vice-president; Frances G. Manning, secretary and treasurer.

The Debating Club has begun its excellent work. If Mr. Packard's remarks on the value of the training which this club affords have failed to "stick," it would certainly be hopeless for us in our feeble way to attempt to move our brazen school-mates. We cannot, however, help lamenting the fact that so few of the older scholars show interest enough to attend or visit the club even once.

A brilliant and active-minded member of the Political Science Class recently gave us some most remarkable and interesting information. Speaking of an old Indian fort which was once situated in Longwood, he burst out with the words, "I remember that fort!" Although he was a senior we had not before realized what an antiquated and venerable old piece of furniture we had in the class.

Recently Mr. Clarence Hay was so kind as to sing for the school several delightful pieces. We wish Mr. Hay to know that we enjoyed his singing very much. These were his songs: "Vulcan Song," by Gounod; "Under the Rose," by Wm. Ames Fisher; "The Wandering Clown," by Weber; and "Sleep, Darling, Sleep," by Wm. Ames Fisher. We would add that if Mr. Hay is disposed to favor us again, "Barkis is willin'."

The boys and girls of 1902 will soon appear in their class pins. They have chosen blue and gold for their colors.

Are you looking for a steam pump? Then send to Edward Sharp, Jr., of the Worthington Steam Pump Company.

It is hereby stated that hereafter such pupils as have occasion to assemble in Room 9, will oblige following classes by breathing out of the window.

Miss Goldthwaite is helping Miss Johnson with her English classes. The pupils of II. English, we understand, regard her as an adept in the use of pen and (red) ink.

At the time of writing Mr. Sanford is in Paris—taking a rest, perhaps. We understand also that Helen Barnes and Lillian Dutton are at school there, and that Maude Dutton is studying the French of France.

The school in general, and particularly those who are now studying plane geometry, will certainly be alarmed at the rumor that Prop. 51 in "Well's Geometry" is a lie (LI). (No bouquets expected.)

In last year's SAGAMORE the school was urged to purchase a new flag. We hear that it has done so. We have heard that, during the first few weeks of school, a powerful field-glass aimed somewhere in the vicinity of the clock revealed an object of red, white and blue. Can it be that it is up too high?

Imagine the surprise of the members of a certain class in Latin, when the teacher interrupted a scholar in the midst of a sentence and wanted to know "how he brought in the 'wood' (would)." One of the wits of the class immediately suggested, "In a wheelbarrow;" and a tableau, of course, followed.

We received this announcement from the Second Class: "It seems as if '00's needs were being overlooked. We therefore ask (as did the seniors last year) 'what is the matter with an umbrella rack for room 11?'" The class of '99 would add an application for a similar piece of furniture were it not for the hopelessness of attempting that in which the eloquence of '98 has failed. We would suggest, as a final resort, that each scholar in these two unfortunate rooms should either bring individual receptacles in which to catch the drippings, or else hang his umbrella out of the window.

The "Nu" chapter of Gamma Delta Psi very generously subscribed ten dollars for the foot-ball team.

The Senior German class has dropped Karl "the grocer" and taken up Novelletten Bibliothet. Oh schrecklich!

It seems that John Marvin has entered Cornell with flying colors. He seems to have found the secret of success; but he always was a genius.

If any (unusual) exhibition of pride has been noticed in Miss Hartwell this year, we must pardon her weakness; for, you know, two of her English scholars received honors at Harvard last June.

In the times of Mr. Packard's absence from room 10, Mrs. Norton has been taking the chair. Anyone not acquainted with the true state of affairs might perhaps think that Mr. Packard had found the seniors not to his taste.

Teacher (keeping a study period) — "Someone is too loud back there! I think it is you, Jones." Now, there could be no more common-place remark than this; but it so happened that the unfortunate object of reproach had appeared that day, for the first time, in a necktie of unprecedented "search-light" and "zebra" qualities. Truly, we can't imagine why such a trifling incident should move the grave Seniors to smiles.

The Brookline schools contributed over one hundred and sixty-seven dollars — of which twenty-six dollars and seventy cents came from the High School — towards the Lafayette monument. This is an excellent example of what may be accomplished if each one gives a little, the price of a lunch, perhaps; but it also makes us smile when we reflect that this monument is to be built with what otherwise might have been "turned into" ham or chicken sandwiches.

For various reasons The Sagamore Board as chosen last year has undergone several changes. The resignation of Woodworth James from his position as Advertising Manager left a vacant place which George Ainsworth has kindly filled. Moreover, the departures of two of the Associate Editors for other schools caused two other names to be changed: Florence Barrett, '99, and Eleanor Rutan, '00, having taken the places of Frances Newell and Roger Burr. Marion Hay is now Editor for '99. We are sorry to have lost the much valued help of those who have left; but we are most fortunate in their successors.

Frances G. Manning in now performing the duties of Fourth Class editor.

We suppose that Brown, Durrell and Co. are flourishing. Fred Driscoll, '98, is now with the firm.

What a shove the entering class of one hundred and twenty-nine has given our school population! A gain of .06 is recorded.

Florence Adams, '98, is studying kindergarten methods, and is at present observing the work of Miss Winchester, B. H. S.

Nelson Manning is now with the "Manning Shoe and Rubber Co." We do not understand, however, that he is already "boss."

Charles Kellogg and Henry Channing have returned from Europe. The former has gone to Tech., and the latter to Harvard.

We hear (from Mr. Tryon, by the way) that Room 18 was at the head of the list of "Lafayette subscribers." Perhaps Mr. Tryon was slightly indiscreet in revealing that fact; for we shall hereafter know where to beg.

Recently Mr. Packard had a hard time to convince some of his scholars that since their bodies would sink in water their specific gravity was greater than that of water. Now did not their very "density" prove that he was right?

In a drizzling, miserable rain our foot-ball team played its first league game at Charles River Park. And yet such is the loyal, unselfish spirit of some of our lady teachers that two of them were present. With such examples before our very eyes, further negligence in this line is inexcusable.

Austin Parker, Brookline High School's "late" representative in the navy, showed himself again at school for the first time on September 27. In a few words he gave a brief outline of the cruise of the "Prairie." He was greeted as heartily as the "great dignity" of the hall would permit, if not even more so; and the greeting was sincere, too. But more from him elsewhere.

Teacher (to scholar who is not making himself heard)—"Will you please speak a little louder?"
Scholar—"What, sir?"
Teacher—"Will you please speak a little louder?"
Scholar—"What, sir?" etc.
This only goes to show what an excellent example a teacher can set if he really wants to.

During Mr. Wilson's illness, Mr. Lockwood has taken charge of the Mathematic classes. We consider Mr. Lockwood an able and interesting teacher.

Not long ago a very interesting lecture was given to the members of II. English, by Miss Weir. The subject was Venice. Miss Weir spoke of the gorgeous colors of St. Marks, the gaily dressed gondoliers, the quaint bridge of the Rialto, and of many other curious features of that picturesque city. Her lecture was greatly appreciated by the scholars.

Thinking that the following statements may be of interest to our readers, we venture to borrow them from the High School Journal of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:—

THE WAR EPITOMIZED.

Feb. 15—Battleship Maine Sunk.
April 24—Spain Declared War.
April 25—United States Declared War.
July 26—Spain Sued for Peace.
Aug. 6—Spain Accepted Peace Terms.
Aug. 10—Protocol Agreed Upon.
Duration of War, 107 Days.

COST OF WAR AT THE TIME OF SIGNING THE PROTOCOL.

United States.	*Spain.*
503 Men Killed.	2312 Men Killed.
1415 Men Wounded.	3260 Men Wounded.
$122,000,000.	$17,500,000.
One Ship, $250,000.	Thirty-five Ships.
Merrimac.	Value, $36,000,000.

Spain loses Cuba, Porto Rico and the Ladrone Islands — a total of 49,087 square miles, with a population of 2,325,000, not counting the Philippines, with an area of 114,326 square miles and 8,000,000 population.

If a minister preaches sixty-minute sermons, what is his "spiritual gravity?"

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, S. Henry Skilton, Jr., High School, Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, George R. Ainsworth, High School, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

FOR us to begin our year by sprinkling liberally words of advice among the students of our school, when we ourselves have always been so sorely weak in ability to absorb and apply corresponding suggestions, must at first appear to some as extremely ludicrous and out of place. Perhaps it is out of place. And then again, perhaps — and, mind you, this is strictly between us — we have some selfish idea that in attempting to impart words of wisdom, we ourselves may be strengthened.

However all this may be, the fact remains the same: that an alarmingly large portion of the students here today seem purposely

to have enclosed themselves in narrow, impenetrable shells of indifference; that these scholars are ambitious, it may be, to stand well in their lessons, but even more anxious to have nothing further to do with school interests; that, as a result, such elective interests as the Debating Club and THE SAGAMORE are not participated in, not patronized as they should be. True that one may gain his diploma and pass his college examinations without doing team work, but also true that the Debating Club and the school paper offer privileges and training that are, and always will be, invaluable to any one. A policy which sneers at such argument is obviously "near sighted," and should be made to regard itself as such.

We do not know surely that this petition — for a petition it is, however clothed — will be needed. Indeed we sincerely hope that it will be entirely superfluous. But superfluous or not, let us start now with a resolution, founded on a rock rather than on sand, that we will attempt to engage more heartily, and with more genuine good-will, in the varied interests of our school; and let us realize that these very interests, which we may hitherto have avoided, offer a development without which only the most remarkable student can consider himself more than half complete. If we honestly try to follow this humble suggestion we may be assured that, no matter how weak our ability or how discouraging our burden of work, we will have occasions unnumbered to look back at our struggle, seemingly so unproductive now, with well-earned satisfaction.

REALIZING as we do that Austin Parker has been extremely kind and unselfish in devoting so much time to our pleasure; that, fearing otherwise to disappoint us, he wrote his account in spite of the fact that he was not in the best of health; and finally, that so many have been the demands made upon him for similar stories of the war, the subject is to him rather tiresome than otherwise—realizing all these facts, we feel assured that when we thank him publicly for his attention, we are doing only our duty.

There is not one of us who should not be in accord with and feel grateful to our soldiers of the late war. Some may still have

doubts as to whether the alleged cause of the war was the actual one, some may be disgusted over the slow, incomplete way in which it was officially conducted; but all without exception ought to be proud of our soldiers, of their sterling qualities and of their universal bravery. If they were fighting for a doubtful cause, still they were fighting well; if their energies might better have been spent in other directions, still they were but answering their country's call. So let no prejudices hinder us from appreciating our soldiers and sailors as they should be appreciated; from gladly testifying that their spirit and deeds have not been overlooked.

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL

AT the beginning of the season the prospects for a good foot-ball team were not very encouraging. Few candidates presented themselves, and these for the most part were light in weight.

Nevertheless the spirit of the team was good; the men worked hard and were regular at practice. Later several more men came out and under the efficient coaching of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Delabane the team developed rapidly. The whole eleven are quick on their feet and play a snappy game. The team has more plays and better team work than any previous Brookline eleven.

The first two games were unimportant except as showing Brookline her weak points. In the first with Wellesley, neither side scored, and in the second with Mechanic Arts High we were beaten 6–0.

On October twelfth the team went up to Southboro in a crippled condition and was beaten 29–0. They played an up-hill game and fought it to the last minute.

The game with Cambridge High and Latin was the first important game of the season. This game virtually decided which team

was to drop out of the Senior league. Cambridge had much the heavier team and early in the first half crossed the line for a touchdown. During the rest of the half Brookline played hard and succeeded in keeping Cambridge from scoring again.

At the opening of the second half Cambridge seemed a little the worse for wear, while Brookline showed improvement. On a muffled punt, Brookline secured the ball on Cambridge's 35-yard line, and from there rushed it by short gains over the line for a touchdown. Crane kicked the goal, making the score 6–5 in our favor. Time was soon called. The teams lined up as follows :—

Brookline.	Cambridge.
Ainsworth, l. e.	r. e. Sullivan.
C. Fox, l. t.	r. t. W. Clarkson.
Dexter, l. g.	r. g. Barnes.
Crane, c.	c. Houstan.
P. Fox, r. g.	l. g. Whalen.
Strickland, r. t.	l. t. Crawford.
Hall, r. e.	l. e. Mayhew.
Tobey, q. b.	q. b. Parker.
Quinlan, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Marean.
Wilbor, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Locke.
Skilton, f. b.	f. b. F. Clarkson.

Touchdowns, Clarkson and Wilbor. Goals from touchdowns, Crane. Time, 20-minute halves.

On October 1st, in a drizzling rain and chilly northwest wind, the first league game was played. Brookline defeated Boston Latin 16-0. The Brookline boys played a very heady game, and also excelled Boston Latin in team work. The teams were very evenly matched in size, but the fine punting of Skilton and the snappy play of the whole team won the game for Brookline. Tobey, Skilton, Wilbor and Ainsworth showed up best for Brookline. Two 20-minute halves were played. Touchdowns were made by P. Pox, Ainsworth and Skilton. Crane kicked one goal. The teams lined up as follows :—

Brookline.	Boston Latin.
Tobey, q. b.	q. b. Cox.
Ainsworth, l. e.	r. l. Moran.
Hall, l. t.	r. t. Gately.
Dexter, l. g.	r. g. DeLong.
Crane, c.	c. McDermott.
P. Fox, r. g.	l. g. Booth.
C. Fox, r. t.	l. t. Guild (Downey).
Strickland, r. e.	l. e. Moulton.
Wilbor, l. h. b.	r. h. b. O'Neil.
Wilcox, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Walsh.
Skilton (Morse) f. b.	f. b. Wood.

GOLF

The B. H. S. Golf Club held a business meeting as soon as school opened. The following officers were elected: C. L. Perkins, '99, president; B. C. Lancy, '99, vice-president; Geo. R. Ainsworth, '99, secretary and treasurer; an executive committee of Williams, Dean, James and Cutler. Several handicap tournaments have been held on the Franklin Park links, the following winning prizes: Perkins, Foster, Williams, and D. James.

Perkins has lately been playing on the Allston Golf Club team and has done finely. He has also played on the Boston Golf Club team. J. Nelson Manning, a former member of the B. H. S. Golf Club, played in the National Championship Tournament at Morristown, N. J., this fall.

SWIMMING

A swimming club was formed in the school last year. A winter meet was held at the Brookline Bath House, and Waban High was defeated in a team race.

During the summer the team of five fellows, McCormack, Lewis, Driscoll, P. Fox and Ainsworth, entered several meets. On July 4th the team won seventeen prizes in Brookline and Boston.

On July 7th, 8th and 9th the team took part in the Winthrop carnival. Both the Boston Athletic and Bunker Hill Yacht Club relay teams were beaten in team races. Four individual prizes were also captured by the team in other events.

J. Winthrop Foster, *Sporting Editor.*

FIZZ!

"Age and a little brother tell on a girl."

Teacher — "Johnny, what is salt?"

Johnny — "Somethin' as makes things taste bad by not puttin' it in."

A stranger entered a church on Sunday and was shown into a pew. Presently the owner of the pew came in and sat down. He seemed very uncomfortable and glanced scowlingly at the stranger several times, but without effect. At last he wrote on the fly-leaf of his hymn book, "This is my pew."

The stranger read it, and, smiling affably, handed it back after writing the following reply, "Nice pew! What do you pay for it?"—[Ex.

Bright Soph. (just dipping into mathematics)—"Say, what geometrical figure does an escaped parrot present?"

Senior—"Give it up."

Soph.—"Why, polygon, of course."—[Ex.

Man is Creation's masterpiece! Who says so? Man!

1st scholar—"I see that your bicycle has no name-plate. Did it come without one?"

2d scholar—"No! it came off" (making the state of affairs perfectly clear).

It is an historic fact that blondes are nearly always light-headed.—[Ex.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the court room."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.—[Youth's Companion.

"Take away woman and what would follow?" shouted the orator.

"We would," said a man at the back of the audience promptly.

A man, visiting Liverpool, was being shown about by a citizen who said, "Now let's go and see the Widows' Home."

"No, thanks," replied the man, "I saw a widow home once, and she sued me for a breach of promise; it cost me a matter of $120. No, sir! Send the widows home in a cab!"—[Ex.

"Ten months," said the Judge to the Vagrant, "that is what I sentence you to."

"Pardon my apparent censoriousness, you know," interposed the tramp who had lived in Boston; "but I would like to remark that it is not proper to cut a sentence with a preposition.

"Thank you," said the Judge, "but your sentence is n't ended yet; I'll make it fourteen months."—[Ex.

"But!" said the goat, "that's the way I play."

Probably Noah was the first man who lived on water forty days.—[Ex.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

MARION HAY, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirar deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

THE Distaff of the Girls' High School is a most attractive, well edited paper, and girls do it. We would recommend it to the attention of the school, as example is better than precept.

* *
*

THE Searchlight has reached us from Southern California. We find from the columns of this luminary that foot ball is the rage in the west. Perhaps the account of the game is not so scientific as that of our sporting editor; but then, doubtless their games are not equal to ours.

* *
*

WE find in the High School Chat an article on spelling which appears to contain some suggestions for study. Would it be well for some of our contributors and readers to consult it?

THE High School Bulletin of Lawrence is a very well edited paper.

* *
*

WE notice in the Tech an article giving an outline of the system by which men are chosen for the editorial staff which we believe to be most excellent.

* *
*

THE cover of the Latin and High School Review of Cambridge has a most attractive and dignified appearance. Within, the paper presents a thorough view of the actual school life.

* *
*

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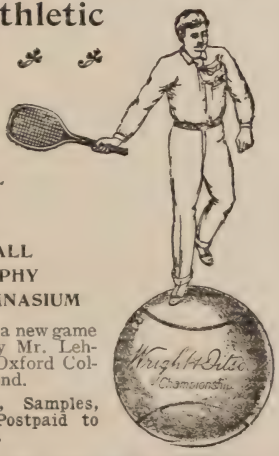

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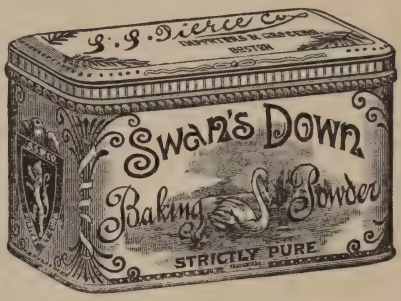

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1898

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 5 DECEMBER, 1898 NUMBER 2

THE CRUISE OF THE PRAIRIE

(*Continued from November number.*)

THE Prairie remained three or four days at Guantanamo taking on provisions and coal; then she sailed to join the blockading squadron off San Juan, Puerto Rico. This was, perhaps, the most dangerous position that we were in; for every night the Spanish torpedo boats Furor and Terror were in the habit of coming out from San Juan in hopes of destroying by a well-aimed torpedo one of the blockading fleet. To prevent any such fate, all the gun crews slept by their guns, so as to be ready at a minute's notice to repel any attack that might be made. We remained in this rather ticklish position for five days, and then sailed to Ponce, the largest town on the island.

Ponce is on the southern side of Puerto Rico, situated in a valley about three miles from the sea. The town is nearly surrounded by high mountains, which, although not so beautiful as those surrounding Santiago de Cuba, yet by cutting off the town from the winds which might breed malaria and fever from the interior, at the same time allow the sea breezes at all times to blow over the town, affording Ponce one of the most beautiful and healthful climates in the Antilles. The architecture of the old dwellings, government buildings and churches is similar to that of the old Spanish buildings at St. Augustine, Florida; yet, at the same time, it is entirely unique, and offers an unlimited supply of interest to the soldiers and sailors from the States. The town itself is surrounded by cocoanut groves, sugar-cane plantations, and the various kinds of tropical fruit-trees, which give to the soldiers a meal in delicious contrast to the regular rations of "hard

tack," coffee and "salt horse." Like Athens, Ponce has a port town, which, however, unlike the Greek city, bears the same name, and in fact is a part of the town, although separated by three miles of fertile plantations. This part of the town is devoted entirely to warehouses of all descriptions in which most of the business of the town is carried on.

While in Ponce harbor we had several exciting times. One day a large transport took the wrong channel and ran aground on a shifting sandbar at the entrance of the harbor. As we were the only ship that was capable of doing such a duty, we were ordered to aid in getting the transport into deep water again. We parted a nine-inch hemp hawser and a seven-inch steel cable before we could move her. But at last with the aid of a seagoing tug we got her afloat. Hardly had we anchored in the harbor again when another large transport ran aground in the same place as the previous one. This time we were aided by the steam collier Saturn. It did not take long for the two ships to float the stranded vessel, but in so doing the Saturn went in too close to the breakers and ran aground herself. Before we could get her afloat we had to spend one long, hot day taking the coal out of the Saturn and dumping it into the sea, much to our disgust.

One day after we had been in Ponce for about two weeks there were collected in the harbor eight transports, carrying in all about ten thousand men. At noon news came that peace had been declared. Almost immediately ten thousand voices started to sing the "Star Spangled Banner." Every man stood bare-headed facing "Old Glory," singing with his whole soul this most stirring national song; and when the echoes from the mountain peaks had died away, the impressive silence was broken by three rousing cheers for America.

One morning Captain Train received orders to sail at once for Santiago de Cuba; from there he was to sail for Montauk Point after taking aboard any sick soldiers that might have been invalided home. The first sight that greeted our eyes on the morning of the third day was Morro Castle, perched four hundred feet above the sea. At first sight we were impressed with the immense strength

of this New World castle. Upon drawing nearer, however, the castle seemed to be in ruins, and when we passed through the narrow entrance of Santiago harbor, it seemed to be riddled with shot and shell, great portions of the walls having been torn away by the earthquake-like projectiles of the little Vesuvius. In fact it was so torn to pieces that one of the fellows remarked that it looked like the ruins on the Rhine. Leaving this castle of Spain behind us, we passed the Reine Mercedes lying on her beam ends, high and dry, where the Spaniards, Hobson fashion, beached her in a vain endeavor to block up the harbor. About sixty feet away lay the Merrimac, her two masts and four feet of her stack showing above water; this sight impressed us with the extreme bravery and pluck which Hobson and his gallant crew showed in sinking his ship where he did, amid the perfect hail of shot and shell, which must have been poured into them from the numerous forts and batteries lining the entrance to the harbor.

After passing these grim mementos of war, we steamed slowly into the harbor of Santiago. Nothing can compare with the beauty of this inland harbor. The mountains rise almost perpendicularly out of the water, forming a wall which looks as if some giant hand had piled up indiscriminately, heaps of green velvet of rare beauty. The town of Santiago is nestled between a low earthwork-like ridge of hills and the sea. Upon this ridge of hills are scattered the numerous forts and block-houses, which caused such terrible loss of life to the American army surrounding them.

Into this exquisitely beautiful and, at the same time, war-like harbor we dropped our "mud hook," after passing several ships flying the Spanish colors, which only goes to show how quickly America forgives her enemies.

Late in the afternoon a barge came alongside with three companies of the seventh regulars, whom we were to carry north with us. These soldiers showed how the American troops suffered from the effects of the climate; for not one of the three hundred men could walk from the barge to the ship which was going to carry them back to their native land. Their faces were yellow from the

effects of the "Yellow Jack," and so thin and haggard that the bones seemed almost to cut through the skin.

Early the next morning the Prairie steamed slowly out of Santiago harbor, while the band played "Home, Sweet Home." Every man uncovered his head and sang this beautiful song, while the regulars, whom the people of the north seem to regard as utterly without the sense of feeling, shed tears of joy at the thought of returning home again.

Captain Train, much to our pleasure, sailed about forty miles down the coast, in order that we might see what remained of Cervera's fleet. At a distance of half a mile we could see only the red and rust-eaten hulks of the most powerful part of the Spanish navy.

On the sail northward, one poor fellow, who seemed to be weaker than any of the rest, silently and painlessly passed away to the death he most desired; for what better death is there than to die in the service of your country? The burial took place at evening colors. The body was sewed up in a hammock, which was placed on a board, with one end resting on the rail, the other held by two comrades. The American colors were draped over the hammock, the captain, bareheaded, read the burial service, and after "committing the body to the deep," the colors were taken off, the board raised and the hammock sank into the sea, weighted by a six-inch shell. During the entire service the colors were at half-mast, and just as the body sank into the water, three volleys were fired over his grave, and the bugler sounded taps, as if to send the dead to his last sleep.

The sail north was without incident, save the death and burial at sea. While in southern waters the sea was an intense blue, but upon the third day after leaving Cuba, we noticed that the water had a greenish tinge, caused by the water of the Gulf Stream, which is always to be known by its peculiar color.

The navigating officer had lost his bearings once or twice while coming north, but thought he was all right, and reported to the captain that we were about twenty-five miles off shore. We were in one of those dense fogs which frequent our northern coasts.

Five minutes later there was a loud grating sound, a dull thump, and the Prairie stopped moving. The sudden shock brought all hands on deck, and two minutes later the engines were reversed and going at full speed, but to no effect; the ship was high and dry on the beach. Immediately all the boats were ordered into the water, so as to be ready if there was a blow, to take the soldiers ashore.

Two six-pounders were fired as a signal of distress, several red rockets were fired, and a red glare was burned over the side; presently we saw two life-savers' boats coming towards us. The engines were left going at full speed astern all night, but to no effect, for the morning found us in the same position. In the morning we put out a kedge anchor, which was placed about two hundred yards on our starboard quarter, and connected to our after capstan with a heavy hawser. We hove in on this, but the ship did not move. Later in the day a tug came from New York to help us. With the aid of this tug, working all night and all day the Prairie slipped into deep waters, amid the cheers of her crew, echoed by the crowds on the beach, who had come to see the big war-ship aground. We landed the soldiers with the aid of the life savers, who could manage their boat in a surf better than we could ours.

Early the next morning we sailed around the Point, and anchored in full sight of Camp Wickoff, where we remained in quarantine for twenty-four hours. While here we received orders to sail to Fall River, and remain there two or three weeks, in order to allow the worthy citizens of that town a chance to look at us to their hearts' content. There is nothing that a sailor hates more than visiting day. In the first place everything has to be washed down and put in apple-pie order to please the ladies; and then, what he dislikes more, he has to dress up in his best shore togs, and look, perhaps, much better, but to feel decidedly more uncomfortable than usual. However, everything has an end, and greatly to our satisfaction we left Fall River behind us and started for New York.

At half-past six on the thirty-first day of August we sailed by Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth and dropped our "mud hook" off Thompkinsville, Staten Island. We remained here for three weeks, waiting for the welcome orders to be discharged, but they failed to come, much to our disappointment and disgust. Meanwhile, we were encouraged by rumors, hatched by members of the crew, that we were going to Manila to reinforce Dewey, and that we had been ordered to Santiago to bring another load of soldiers home. The welcome orders came at last for us to sail to League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, to be discharged after putting the ship out of commission, or rather, putting her on the reserve list.

On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of September, we bade an affectionate farewell to the Prairie, and started for New York on a special train. We arrived in New York just in time to catch the Fall River boat. Monday we arrived in Boston, were reviewed by the governor, and then marched to Charlestown Navy Yard, where we were given leave until Wednesday morning, when we received our pay and discharges, and left the government service, having served five months in the United States Navy.

AUSTIN H. PARKER.

CHRISTMAS ON BOARD THE "MARY E. PRATT"

THE Gloucester fisherman, "Mary E. Pratt," was homeward bound from the Grand Banks. She had made a good catch, and the crew were eager to be in port, and receive the neat little sum which would be their share of the hold full of fish.

All sail was spread aloft, and on deck masts had been set up even in the dories, where little three-cornered sails were all pulling for Gloucester.

But the stiff breeze and well filled sails could not take the Mary E. Pratt over the heaving seas into port for a Christmas at home, and on Christmas Eve the captain's little daughter looked wistfully across the waste of rolling waves, and went below with eyes full of tears, and a sad little heart that held memories of the other Christmas before her mother died.

Childish faith led the little maid to fasten her stocking to the cabin skylight, where it swayed with the plunging of the ship; while the child's eyes softly closed in rest. Dreams of home and the lost mother made her smile as she slept. Was it salt spray or tears the captain dashed from his eyes, as he looked through the skylight into the dimly lit cabin where the child slumbered, and the little stocking swayed softly with the motion of the groaning ship?

Christmas was not forgotten in the forc'sle, where Jack Nichols had called the attention of his mates to the little stocking he had seen hanging under the captain's skylight.

Jack sat on the edge of his bunk considering helplessly the empty stocking. "We've got to fill it. The kid sha'n't be disappointed," he said, "but what'll we give? If she were a boy, I reckon my knife would do the business; but being a girl —" and he fetched up standing against the feminine problem.

"Reckon candy's 'bout de ting," chuckled Jupiter, the negro cook, as he handed out a brown paper parcel, "made it outen 'lasses, s'posed the chile 'd wand sumpin."

"Good for you, cookie," said Jim Gumey, as he swung his long legs out of his bunk and followed up on deck to the skylight, where he watched Jack's efforts to drop the parcel into the stocking. "Good thing it ain't bigger," he said.

Eight bells sounded, and the starboard watch came below, their yellow oilskins glistening with salt spray under the light of the swinging lamps. The wind was rising, and snow and sleet were clinging to rigging and clothes, while the good ship plunged forward through the black and hissing sea. But the little child lay wrapt in dreams of home, beneath the stocking with its lonely bit of ship-made candy.

Tony the Portugese and the boy Joe threw off their wet oil-skins to take their watch below, while the others had their turn in the darkness on the heaving deck.

"Candy's all right," said the boy, "but Christmas ain't Christmas to a girl if she don't get a doll."

Tony reflected, for he had a father's heart and a lot of little black-eyed children at home. From a dark corner he brought a bit of rope, and crawling into the forepeak of the ship where the sea was pounding against the staunch bow, he stopped a moment to hear the hiss and roar of the parted waves, and then in the darkness laid his hand upon the carpenter's store of planks, and brought out a bit of wood.

The boy and the cook fell asleep, but Tony worked on, and under his skillful hands there grew a strange little image of wood with hempen hair. Its frock was a bit of coarse canvas, the fragment of an old sail, sewed in sailor fashion with a strand of marline.

The port watch came tumbling down as the last stitch was taken, and Tony went on deck to face the storm with the sailor's doll ready for the little stocking.

The dawn brought fair skies and calmer seas, with land but a day's sail distant. The little maid had found her faith in Santa Claus made good at sea, and was contentedly putting her doll to bed. She had shared her candy with the sailors, compelling each to have a taste, while she showed them her doll. She was thoroughly happy as she folded the canvas petticoat and put the doll to bed.

Tony stood on deck watching the lights of Gloucester across the weather bow; then turning he looked through the skylight and saw the child below; the canvas petticoat neatly folded beside the doll, and both on the arm of the sleeping child. "Glad I made them clothes to come off," he said.

E. C., '99.

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

DISCONTENTED, weary and disgusted with the world a man wandered aimlessly along the street. It was Christmas morning for the rest of the world. Living in luxury, the master of more money than he knew how to use, he was alone in the world on this Day of Days. There was not one who cared enough for the man to give him a thought on this Christmas morning.

The world was a bitter place, he thought. Men lived only for money: love was lost in their greed for wealth. Who cared whether one man on this morning went without a Christmas package? Wrapped in these bitter thoughts the man noticed not whence his steps were leading him.

"Who cares ——?" he stopped! Stealing into his senses came music; rising, falling, swelling full and strong. The grand, perfect harmony of an organ.

"Who cares whether ——?" Loud and strong grew the music. The man was evidently walking nearer to it. He seemed to recollect hearing the strain once before. He looked about him and there beside him saw a half-open window, disclosing the interior of a beautiful church, from which the music was now pouring — volume on volume of the grand old anthem,

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

The man knew it was grand, but where had he heard it before? Some time in the far away past. The past! The man's face softened. He thought that past was quite dead and buried from even memory.

The music was growing soft and far away, now. But still the same strain. The bitter world was forgotten. Where, where had he heard that music before? "Who cares — Who cares?" he found himself murmuring. Still faint, but clear, the music continued. Hark! some one was singing — softly — far away. If he could only catch the words! Nearer and nearer drew the singer, and stronger and stronger grew the hymn. "Who cares — Who cares?"

Full and clear rose the anthem,

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinner reconciled."

Slowly past the window moved a long line of white-robed men and boys, and clear and glad rang the hymn,

"Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph in the skies."

Ah! the man knew now! The past was not dead. He saw it all. Forty years ago a boy stood reaching up to share a hymn book with the only woman he ever loved—his mother! Singing, as they were singing now in this other church,

"With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

The next Christmas his mother was dead, and the man had not heard a Christmas carol since that day. "Who cares — Who cares?"

. . . . . .

But as he left the church it was not the present world and its hate and wrong,— but the past, which he thought buried, that filled the man's heart, and the words —

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

E. M. R., 1900.

THE CONSTABLE'S VERDICT

THE bare woods presented a dismal appearance as Jimmy and I drove homeward; while the frost of the keen autumn night only added to the dreariness. When we came out on Nye's marshes where the road turns into a miserable bridge, our horse stumbled heavily forward, smashing the harness hopelessly. Of course we hadn't even a string on hand, and as the wagon seemed contented to remain out in the marshes, we started to walk the two

miles to the village. The horse, though guaranteed equal to emergencies, limped slightly, but Jimmy had no difficulty in leading him.

Now it has always been my misfortune to imagine I can improve any situation. Accordingly I determined on a short cut; so we turned sharply to the left. But the horse was developing a serious lameness and we thought it best to leave him at the first house and inquire our way.

To the left, just below, was a forlorn farmhouse. Jimmy politely rapped on the door while I, stamping my feet, held the animal who seemed all at once very much alive. For a long time there was no answer; so presently we fell to pounding the building to see if it was inhabited. Suddenly right inside the house we heard someone moving. Then the door was slammed open and on the threshold stood a short, fat man with a sour grin and an antiquated pistol.

"Well," snarled this new acquaintance; but catching sight of us he stopped, thoroughly astounded. At length he recovered sufficiently to say "That's my horse, and you can put him in the barn." Then in a moment his grin became pleasanter, and he offered an explanation. Two days before old Johnny Gibbs borrowed his team while he was away. Hearing our racket he thought old Johnny, somewhat excited, had returned with the missing property. As constable of that region he had determined to give the offender a piece of his mind. He remarked that the old man must have had a runaway, and he, Constable Fish, was much obliged to us for capturing his horse. Had we seen the wagon?

Here was a tight fix. So Old Johnny was making money on the borrowed team by *renting* it to us, and now we were to answer for it to the constable.

"I think you're mistaken," suggested Jimmy. "We hired the team this afternoon, but the horse stumbled on the bridge and we left the wagon out there."

I could see the Constable's anger rapidly returning during this brief speech, and I feared for Jimmy. But when the blow fell it was aimed at me also.

"See here," he roared, "You two fellows turn round quick and drag up my wagon!"

N. C., '99.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

AN entertainment for the benefit of the school athletics was given in Shailer Hall, Wednesday evening, December 6. The orchestra made its appearance for the first time this season and, although well received by the audience, showed that great improvement must take place, if the standard set by last year's organization is to be attained. Miss Goldthwaite justly deserved the applause she received for her excellent 'cello playing. The programme was quite varied, and it is difficult to say which was the most interesting number. Perhaps the "Dance of the Fairies" was most enthusiastically received. The entertainment was a success in itself, but was deserving of a much larger attendance. The programme:—

MARCH — "El Captain" . . . . . *Sousa*
ORCHESTRA.

SOLO AND CHORUS — "The Little Bird" . . *Soderberg*
CLEMENTINE E. BENDER.

RECITATION — "Tiger Lily's Race" . . *Mary H. Fiske*
MARION HAY.

'CELLO SOLO — (*a*) "Capriccio," (*b*) "Andante" . *Golterman*
CORA OLIVE GOLDTHWAITE.

SONG — "Lullaby" . . . . . *Dennée*
SALLIE CANDAGE.

ROMAN PERORATION — Latin . . . . . *Cicero*
CLAUDE HOLWILL.

ROMAN PERORATION — English version, original . *Cicero*
EARLE POTTER.

FAIRY DANCE — "Midsummer Night's Dream" . .
Hazel Dale, Blanche Lauriat, Ethel Elliott, Bessie Plummer, Marion Hay, Genevieve Quinsler, Elsie Rutan.

BRITISH PATROL . . . . . *Asch*
ORCHESTRA.

SONG — "Swallows" . . . . . *Frederick Cowen*
CLEMENTINE E. BENDER.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE — "Midsummer Night's Dream"
Prologue, Phil Fessenden; Wall, Stuart McCullough; Pyramus, Earle Potter; Lion, Carl Soule; Thisbe, Arthur Latham; Moonshine, Charles Chandler.

WALTZES . . . . . *Prince*
ORCHESTRA.

SKETCHES

I

THE NEED OF POCKETS

THERE are two kinds of people sure to appreciate pockets; those who have some and those who have none. The woman who does not have any is always bewailing the fact, while the man who has eight or ten laughs at her and congratulates himself that his clothes are made in a more sensible style. He knows that pockets are a necessity as well as a convenience, and he smiles when he thinks how men would look tucking handkerchiefs under their vests and carrying their pocketbooks in their hands. It would hardly be dignified for a man to carry his calling cards in the inside of his hat, or to keep his letters stuck into the tops of his boots; but what else could he do without pockets? Imagine an orator, endeavoring to assume a graceful pose, first thrusting one hand toward the place where his pocket should be, then finding he has none, hurriedly opening a little chatelaine bag, which hangs from his lower coat button, and jamming his hand into that.

Pockets are surely a necessity for a man. They are likewise a necessity to woman; but as yet she has not discovered the fact. She thinks them only a convenience; and since with her convenience is always secondary to style, she seldom uses them. The snatch thief can grab her pocketbook from her hand and detach her watch from its clasp on her dress, but even that cannot induce her to sacrifice style to convenience and security. When a woman does have a pocket, however, no thief ever gets his hand into it, neither does any one else, but the owner, and that not without a struggle.

It might be said, after serious consideration, that a pocket is something that no one can do without, yet something which many do not possess. Until such time as these misguided representatives of the fair sex shall arrive at an appreciative realization of the advantages of pockets, they will remain the object of man's sympathy.

P. F., '99.

II

SCENE IN JAPAN

A most remarkable fact, which has great influence in the construction of buildings in Japan is the earthquake. The buildings are generally flatter than in America.

Usually the whole space of the front wall is like one big window. It is open in the day, but in the evening is shut with the wooden shutters which are rolled out, piece by piece, in the grooves of the threshold, from the shutter box, fixed at one end of the window. The window has no blinds, but has usually a short roof above it.

Every house necessarily has one room at the entrance, where any one must take off his outside shoes. The people wear these shoes over the inside ones.

Twice in a day, at morning and evening, the people clean the floors, which are always covered with the Japanese carpets three inches thick. As the floor is very clean, the people use very low folding beds. Any bed must be folded up at morning and put in a closet while the sun shines upon the head.

Any house, no matter how poor, has one garden in front or around the living room and dining room. As the windows are differently constructed from the European ones, there are usually gardens outside, which serve almost as decoration of the room. The people eat or talk looking at a green garden, which is usually laid out artfully, with curious designs.

The decoration of the rooms is done with the same idea as in America. The living room has a small space five inches raised at the opposite side from the garden, where one big picture and a flower bottle or some green must be kept always. The picture must be changed very often, according to the season or especial day.

H. OHASHI.*

III

Great grandfather lived on Copp's Hill. He and his large family were very religious; at least, so great-grandfather thought.

Every Sunday morning he attended church, accompanied by his

* Our Japanese fellow-student.

wife, children and apprentices, as did all the worthy inhabitants of Copp's Hill. His family consisted of double the number that one pew would hold, and as he was a prudent man and saving of his money, he had his second pew for the younger children and the apprentices situated in the gallery directly overlooking his own in the body of the church.

In those days people were very careful to give their absolute attention to the preacher, and never allowed their thoughts to wander for an instant. This was especially true of great-grandfather, who was a rigorous old gentleman. He trained his children till they were serious and sedate, and their sober appearance on Sunday delighted his pious soul.

One Sunday morning after great-grandfather had seen his flock safely to church, and when the sermon was half delivered, he turned and glanced up at his pew in the gallery. Whatever caused him to commit that unprecedented act is a mystery, for this stern old man had never been known to move a muscle or wink an eye after he had entered church. Some unkind fate! For not a child or apprentice was to be seen. Great-grandfather, though a religious man, was not a patient one. He arose and left the church without a word, but his face was flushed with temporarily suppressed anger.

I never inquired what he said to the boys, or what answer they made to him. I doubt if many words were wasted. The next Sunday, however, the small boys and apprentices occupied the great cushioned pew on the floor, while great-grandfather and his wife climbed the steep stairs to the low, straight-backed benches of the gallery.

F. E. B., '99.

English teacher (to pupil who scarcely ever speaks above a whisper) — "Miss ——, what figure do you find in this line, 'It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven'?"

Miss —— (softly) — "Simile."

English teacher — "Yes." (To class) — "See how soft and delicate that is — " Then as the class had begun to laugh she hastened to add, "Simile is a figure especially adapted to the expression of soft and beautiful passages."

NEWS NOTES

No green Christmas this year!

Margaret May, '95, has received the highest mark in biology ever given at Smith.

Miss Howell deserves great praise for her arrangement of the "Dance of the Fairies." It was the "hit" of the entertainment.

Emily Locke acted the hero at the Wallace House dramatics. It is said that her sedate and dignified appearance was quite appalling.

We regret to learn that Mr. Wilson is to take a Western trip and will not to be with us till spring. We hope he will return in excellent health.

A scholar who had been forced to take a front seat because of his restlessness, was heard to remark that he wished they would do the same with him at the theatre.

A series of "Bird Walks" was planned in November for the benefit of the pupils, under the supervision of Mr. Reginald H. Howe. If you happened to have seen a string of your schoolmates hopping along the street in a robin-like manner, you now know the occasion of such antics.

The system under which rhetoricals are carried on this year is certainly novel. The dates at which the scholar must present his piece and rehearse it are arranged by Miss Gerlach, and the failure of the scholar to present himself on either occasion gives him a zero for his lack of pains. His mark in declamation is the average of the marks received at presentation, rehearsal and final delivery. Moreover, a condition in declamation will have to be worked off as in any other study.

The school was entertained during a recent singing period with a brief and informal concert by Mr. Clifford Sprunt, violinist, and Mr. Delbert Webster, pianist, both of whom are students at the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Webster rendered his selections, "The Gondolier," Lizt, and "Tarantella" in a most delightful manner. Mr. Sprunt's knowledge of violin technique was shown to excellent advantage in the Saint Saens concerto. He played as an encore "La Ronde des Sutins," Bazzini. The concert was arranged through the kindness of Mr. Cole, and being in the nature of a surprise, was all the more enjoyable.

Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., '97, has been elected secretary of the class of 1902 at Tech.

Roger Burr, formerly of '99, is to be one of the speakers at the dinner of Tech 1902 this week.

The orchestra is improving under Mr. Cole's direction, in spite of the unpromising outlook the first of the year.

In the third of our Wednesday morning "treats," Mr. Eliot entertained the school with about the most amusing recitations it has ever been our good fortune to hear. He was justly introduced as a "man of talent."

How leaky the windows in Room 10 must be! During a recent snowstorm the walls and floor of the room were really very wet. It cannot have been that a snow-ball fight occurred within the sacred precincts of the senior class room. Oh, no!

Dr. Reuen Thomas spoke to the school on a recent Wednesday morning upon the influence on students of the lives of great men. Mr. Gladstone was his example. Dr. Thomas treated the subject in his customary interesting manner, simply and forcibly.

Thanks to the candidly expressed opinion of some of our scholars, we have been enabled to draw up a list of the "present needs of the school." B. H. S. is a fine institution, but the appended list of agonizing complaints certainly shows how careless some of the officials must have been. The school committee will of course take immediate action. The needs:—

1. An American Flag.
2. A well equipped gymnasium for the boys.
3. More looking-glasses for the girls.
4. Electric clocks that tell time.
5. More snow storms.
6. A supply of stub pens.
7. More chairs to accommodate the surging crowds at Debating Club meetings.
8. Soap.
9. A check in the alarming influx of contributions to THE SAGAMORE.
10. An official money lender.
11. Less recklessness in the use of red ink on the part of certain teachers.
12. Waiters at the lunch counter who still retain good humor when one shouts, "Gimme some soup, will yer?"

The members of the foot-ball team have blossomed out in their new sweaters.

Chandler Hovey, '98, has become a member of Delta Psi fraternity at M. I. T.

M. Harsell Smith, formerly of '99, has entered the employ of a firm in Hartford, Conn.

All hats off in reverence to the weather prophet! He has played us a good turn with his "school-closing" storms. But the remarkable part of it all is that he did actually predict them this time.

The thanks of the school are due Dr. Frank A. Delabarre, Mr. Geo. B. Wilson, Fritz Talbot, '96, and Ned Atherton, for their valuable and kind assistance in the development of this season's foot-ball team.

All our readers will regret, for the sake of the school, the continued absence of Mr. Wilson; but we are glad to announce that he is to have a holiday in California, and that he has left this snow-clad land for the warmer shores of the Pacific.

The report cards were given out day before Thanksgiving. If an outsider had happened to drop into Room 11 at that particular moment, he would doubtless have thought, judging from the atmosphere of groans, that each pupil expected a large number of "H's." We wonder how many were disappointed.

We take pleasure in printing the following:—

To the Editor of The Sagamore:—

The foot-ball team wishes to thank all those who were connected with the recent entertainment given for the benefit of the school athletics.

Very truly yours,

PHILIP FOX, Captain,
CHARLES W. LEWIS, Manager.

The All-Boston Interscholastic Foot-ball Eleven for 1898, as picked by the Boston Journal (I. S. Clarke), includes one Brookline man, Philip Fox, right guard. The team: Storey, S. H. S., left end; Harris, C. M. T. S., left tackle; Russell, S. H. S., left guard; Fiske, C. M. T. S., centre; P. Fox, B. H. S., right guard; Ball, S. H. S., right tackle; Clark, Hoppy, right end; Fitts, S.H.S. quarter; C. Pipe, S. H. S., right half; Webb, C. M. T. S., left half; Stillman, Hoppy, full back. Mentioned: Dexter, B. H. S., left guard; Cushman, S. H. S., centre; C. E. Fox, B. H. S., right tackle; Harrison, E. H. S., right tackle.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Robert D. Brewer, 24 Brook Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. should be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, George R. Ainsworth, High School, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE time has again arrived for our yearly gift to Hampton Institute. We wish that all the pupils of our school might regard in its proper light this custom of educating a less fortunate scholar of a less fortunate race.

The question as to the destiny of the colored people in this country receives less attention nowadays than some of the more recent problems, but it is none the less urgent. It is our humble opinion, that, in view of the fact that the North took upon itself the responsibility of freeing this oppressed race, its duty will not

be fulfilled until the race has been set upon its feet. It is our duty to educate the negroes, because unless we do so, the work commenced in the War of the Rebellion will have been but half finished.

But we should not consider the matter from the standpoint of mere duty. It should be a source of pleasure to each of us to feel that we have contributed something to the improvement of the unfortunate. If there were any indication that our gift had not been appreciated in the past, we might well consider further donations as useless. But is there any such indication? Decidedly not. The advantages of our scholarship have been improved in a most gratifying manner. Those of us who remember the letters Joseph Walker used to write to the school, well know how he appreciated the opportunity offered him by our generosity. It is a noble work. Let us go deep into our pockets for Hampton.

THE financial condition of THE SAGAMORE is critical. It has come to be a grave question whether it will be possible to continue the paper with the present small number on the subscription roll. From some three hundred subscribers two years ago, the number has dwindled until today we can boast of a paid circulation of barely seventy-five copies. As it is a matter of some considerable expense to issue THE SAGAMORE, it is evident that such indifferent support on the part of the school will not enable the board to carry on the publication. It is true that advertising is the mainstay of the paper, but nevertheless it is largely dependent upon the revenue from subscriptions. It shows a lamentable lack of loyalty towards one of the best interests of the school, that less than fifteen per cent. of the pupils subscribe to THE SAGAMORE. If the prospect is not materially brighter before January, some definite action will be taken by the board.

THE foot-ball season is over. Again we have failed to win the league championship, but we have reason to feel much more satisfaction over the season's record than we had at the same time last

year. In the earlier games was shown some of the old B. H. S. spirit, which apparently had been dead for the past two years. Later there came a slump, and we did not finish so near the top as we wanted to be. However, the result should make us feel more hopeful in regard to the athletics of the school. In a few months baseball practice will begin. Let us give Captain Skilton our heartiest support, both in number of hardworking candidates and in attendance at the games. That is the spirit that will win the championship for 1899.

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL

OUR foot-ball season was brought to a most unsatisfactory close on November 23rd by the failure of our eleven to beat Hopkinson. This season has seen the gradual rise and fall of our hopes for success in the league series. From the depths of despair we were encouraged to hope for the best by the victory over Cambridge High and Latin, and when our team defeated Boston Latin with such a show of snap and team work, we hoped for nothing less than second place in the Senior Interscholastic League. But where do we find ourselves? Tied with Hopkinson and Boston Latin for last place.

I believe the principal cause of the failure of the team lay in two things; first, too few practice games were played, and these few were loosely played; second, there was no regular coach. Such a small number of practice games were played that the ends had little practice in breaking up interference, and the defense was very erratic. In the few games that were played the right spirit was not shown and the team failed to gain all that they should have gained from them. The effect of not having a coach was plainly shown towards the end of the season, when the team seemed to lose that spirit of determination so necessary to a foot-ball eleven.

They were found lacking at critical moments and failed to make the most of their opportunities. A regular coach would have infused more spirit into the eleven and made its practice more fruitful.

I think the team ought to have tied with Cambridge Manual for second place in the league. The score in the English High game ought to have been 6-6, Cambridge Manual shouldn't have been allowed to score, and Hopkinson ought to have been beaten 12-0. If this had happened Brookline would have had that position in the league standing.

Our old rival, Roxbury Latin, who used to give Brookline such a hard game, was easily defeated by a score of 15-0. On November 1st our eleven went to Dedham and played with Dedham High. The game was very unsatisfactory from our point of view, as the score was 0-0. Three days later Brookline played English High. The Boston boys were much heavier, but had little team work. They could not gain through the line, but late in the first half worked the ends to advantage and secured a touchdown. In the second half Brookline got the ball on English High's 20-yard line, and by steady line bucking worked it to the 3-yard line, only to lose it on downs. Good punting by Skilton prevented English High from scoring in this half. The teams lined up as follows :—

Brookline.	English High.
Strickland, r. e.	l. e. Alexander.
C. Fox, r. t.	l. t. Kiley.
P. Fox, r. g.	l. g. Tracey.
Crane, c.	c. Pray.
Dexter, l. g.	r. g. O'Brien.
Hall, l. t.	r. t. Harrison.
Ainsworth, l. e.	r. e. Nichols (Hallett).
Tobey, q. b.	q. b. Smith (Allen).
Wilbor, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Barrington (Nichols).
Wilcox, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Ball.
Skilton, f. b.	f. l. Mocksey.

Time 25 and 20-minute halves.

On November 11th Brookline was defeated 11-0 by Cambridge Manual Training School. Brookline held well until the last few seconds of the first half, when C. M. T. S. crossed the line for a

touchdown. In the second half Brookline gave way more easily, but allowed only one touchdown. The teams lined up in the following order: —

Brookline.	C. M. T. S.
Strickland, r. e.	l. e. Capelle.
C. Fox, r. t.	l. t. Harris.
P. Fox. r. g.	l. g. Hastings.
Crane, c.	c. Fiske.
Dexter, l. g.	r. g. Dorsey.
Hall, l. t.	r. t. Marshall.
Ainsworth, l. e.	r. e. Butler.
Tobey, q. b.	q. b. Mott.
Wilbor, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Gallagher.
Wilcox (Quigley), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Webb.
Skilton (Morse), f. b.	f. b. Watkins.

Brookline was again defeated November 17th by Somerville High. The game was played on Tufts Oval in a drizzling rain. Somerville scored only once in the first half, but in the second half she played a kicking game, and as Brookline had nobody who could punt much ground was gained by Somerville. R. Pipe kicked a goal from the field in the first half. Somerville was plainly the best team. Strickland and P. Fox played best for Brookline.

Somerville.	Brookline.
Storey, l. e.	r. e. Strickland.
Hatch, l. t.	r. t. C. Fox.
White, l. g.	r. g. P. Fox.
Cushman, c.	c. Crane.
Philbrick, r. g.	l. g. Dexter.
Ball, r. t.	l. t. Smith.
Wiggin, r. e.	l. e. Ainsworth.
Fitts, q. b.	q. b. Tobey.
Cuddy, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Hall.
C. Pipe, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Wilcox (Wilbor).
R. Pipe, f. b.	f. b. Morse.

The last game of the season was played with Hopkinson at Charles River Park. Brookline was the stronger at nearly every point in the line, and had she had a punter would have run up a larger score; as it was, Brookline had to rush the ball from its own

5-yard line and as a result only one touchdown was made. Hoppy got the ball on Brookline's 25-yard line by a questionable decision of the referee and scored after two good end runs. It was a close and exciting game from start to finish.

Brookline.	Hopkinson.
Ainsworth, l. e.	r. e. Clark.
Converse, l. t.	r. t. Hines (Niles).
Dexter, l. g.	r. g. Roberts.
Crane, c.	c. Bleakie.
P. Fox, r. g.	l. g. Tracey.
C. Fox, r. t.	l. t. Stillman.
Strickland, r. e.	l. e. Emmons.
Tobey, q. b.	q. b. Wright.
Wilcox, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Turner.
Wilbor, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Knowles.
Morse, f. b.	f. b. Carleton (Lawson).

The Senior Interscholastic League standing :—

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Score.
Somerville High	5	0	0	5
Cambridge M. T. S. . . .	3	1	1	3½
English High	2	3	0	2
Brookline High	1	3	1	1½
Boston Latin	1	3	1	1½
Hopkinson	1	3	1	1½

C. E. Fox, 1900, has been unanimously elected captain of the foot-ball team for next year.

J. Winthrop Foster, *Sporting Editor.*

The Athletic Association held its annual meeting after school Wednesday, December 14. Officers were chosen for the year as follows: S. Henry Skilton, '99, president; Benjamin C. Lancy, '99, vice-president; Sidney T. Strickland, 1900, secretary and treasurer. Hiram Dexter, 1901, was elected captain of the track team. Regulations regarding the wearing of school monograms and sweaters were adopted, which will be published later. The meeting was then adjourned.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

MARION HAY, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

WE are glad to welcome the High School Progress of Sangerville, Maine, among our exchanges. We were particularly pleased with the editorial on education, and would call our readers' attention to it.

* * *

A MOST excellent article on "The Philippine Question" appeared in the October number of the High School Journal of Pittsburg, Pa. We would suggest that those of our readers who are writing compositions on the subject note this article.

* * *

THE High School Journal mentions in its exchange column the high literary standard attained in the Viatorian of St. Viatem's College, Kankakee, Ill. We wish to indorse the commendation. The paper exhibits a painstaking management.

IF the matter in the Pontefract compared favorably with the cover the paper would be one of the best among our exchanges.

* * *

IT has been a pleasure for us to review the Jabberwock. The tone of this paper is of the highest, both in its artistic cover and its matter.

* * *

WE think the High School Bulletin of Dedham would be improved by the introduction of stories. Narrative will usually command attention where other matter fails.

* * *

WE trust that those of our exchanges, which have not as yet been noticed in the column, will understand that they have not been overlooked, but that hitherto our space has been limited.

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HUMOR!

A SHREWD SURMISE

The professor, who by the way was of Irish extraction, was presiding over the class in English literature.

"What are the meaning and the derivation of the word 'impediment?'"

"'Impediment' from the Latin 'pedes,' meaning 'feet,' is something in the way; literally 'in the way of the feet.'"

"Very well. Some one give me a sentence using the word correctly."

"He had an impediment in his speech."

"That," quickly retorted the professor, with the flash on his face which always heralded his wit, "must have been the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it."—[Pearson's Weekly.

"There are many curious things about a dog, one especially."

"What are they?"

"The seat of his pants is in his chest, and he always has his pants short during warm weather."

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me!"

Freshman—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—[Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, repeat this after me: Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people."

Johnny—"Moses was an oyster man, and made ointment for the shins of his people."—[Ex.

The horseless carriage is a novelty, but the cowless milk wagon is a chestnut.—[Ex.

Someone wrote over the grave of a dentist, "He is filling his last cavity."—[Hamilton Life.

Jones (good-naturedly)—"Well, how do you find things at home, Pat?"

Pat (astonished)—"Sure, yer honor, I jest looks for thim."

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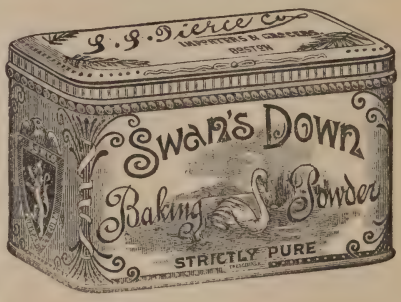

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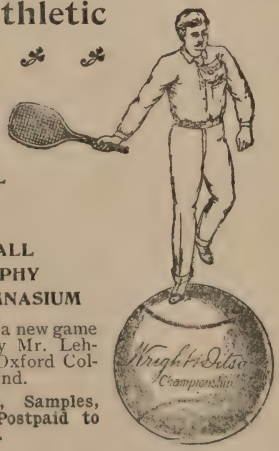

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VOLUME 5 NUMBER 3

JANUARY
1899

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 5 JANUARY, 1899 NUMBER 3

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL HOUSE

Ante Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

THE disappearance of the old High School building, which had been standing at the corner of Prospect and School streets for more than forty years, may suggest some reminiscences not uninteresting to those once familiar with its unpretending rooms. A little while with the past may not be time elaborately thrown away. The men active in the affairs of Brookline when the building was erected have nearly all passed away. At its dedication Rev. John S. Stone presided, assisted by Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Board of Education, Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, also a member of the Board of Education, and Rev. Dr. Frederic A. Hedge. There were Rev. Matson M. Smith, Rev. T. B. Hayward, Rev. N. M. Perkins; and Rev. J. M. Finotti extended his kindly wishes. Dr. T. E. Francis, Dr. Stephen Salisbury and Dr. E. A. Wild showed their interest in the school. Among the business men who lent their influence and aid were William I. Bowditch, Moses B. Williams, James Murray Howe, William A. Wellman, F. W. Prescott, John A. Bird, John N. Turner, John C. Abbott, John Howe, Daniel Dwight, Thomas Parsons, James W. Edgerly and T. P. Chandler. Of these only one now survives; he knew well the old quarters of the school on Walnut street, and assisted in the dedication of the present High School building on Gorham avenue. When he saw the one built on Prospect street, which has just been torn down, it was long before the trolley- or even the street-car was designed. Only two of the present twelve church edifices in Brookline were standing. The Town Hall and the Public Library were not then anticipated. The population of the town today is six or seven times greater then it was then; nor

did the property average more than $5,000, as today, for each man, woman and child of the town.

When the school was evidently outgrowing the old stone building near the First Parish Church, the town owned a high gravel hill for road material just back of the Pierce Grammar School; into the northeast side of this hill was excavated a site, where was built the then new High School house. The northwest side of the hill was removed afterwards for the Public Library. Like the old stone building the new High School house on Prospect street was said to be then one of the finest in the Commonwealth for the purposes it was intended to serve, and men came from far and near to see it. But it is now demolished, while the old stone one promises fair to stand for generations to come. With what happened in it many now residing in town, and more with homes elsewhere, have pleasant associations. Fond recollection brings to mind some of the teachers who worked devotedly and successfully there. A short time before the spoiler began his demolition we visited those rooms. In our silence, as we trod the place alone, we almost felt the presence of some who had forever departed. There was Miss Harriet A. Moody, beloved and never forgotten by her pupils; she afterwards became Mrs. Robert S. Littell, and died in Brookline. There, too, was the dear and brilliant little Miss Abbie W. Deane. Every appreciative pupil enjoyed the recitations over which she presided. Her room was next to the School Library and looked out upon Prospect street. She was peculiarly the teacher to give instruction in French. Few teachers are visited at their homes so constantly by their pupils as was she. Boys and girls alike were drawn to her; and she always had something fresh and interesting for them. During twenty-five years she gave of her sparkling energy and cheerful life to her pupils, and, at the end of that time when she could teach no longer, went to Switzerland, and in a few months breathed her last. A loving pupil found her grave at Davos and scattered on it the tribute of some flowers. She was the last of her family, and a sweet sadness attaches to her memory still cherished by not a few now dwelling in Brookline.

"She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Miss Bartlett, like Miss Deane, a graduate of the school, held her recitations in algebra, physical geography and physiology in a room on the first story. Her shy but affectionate manner and her radiant eyes attracted all who came within her influence. She was a faithful and earnest teacher. Though she was born in Brookline, not one of her family is left here; the house in which she lived, like the old school-house, has been torn down, and the property on Washington street was sold to the late Eben D. Jordan. After teaching some years she resigned her place in the school and was married to Mr. Arthur M. Knapp,* the Sub-Master. She did not live long to enjoy her new relation, but she left many most tender memories.

Miss Mary Hodgkins came to the school from Gardiner, Maine—a conscientious teacher, ambitious and full of hope. She loved the school and worked her utmost for it, but her health failed; she went to California, derived little or no benefit, and did not long survive.

Miss Elizabeth S. Owen and Miss Sheldon† did not teach in the school a great while; the former was called to Cambridge, the latter to Boston.

Miss Littell, Miss Leighton and Miss Weaver were instructors in the school only a few years. Later came Miss Kirby, Miss Edgerly, Miss Frye, Miss Johnson, Miss Fogg and Miss Frost. Fortunate for the town some of these did not leave the school when that left the old house to seek more ample quarters.

About the time the High School house was built, the approaching war for the Union was filling the whole country with intense excitement. Long will be remembered that thrilling Sunday when services in all the churches of Brookline were suspended and the women of the congregations devoted the day to scraping lint and preparing other materials of relief for the wounded soldiers who had been brought in great numbers into Washington. The rooms of the school-house were used at the time for the same purpose. Many of the young men who had been boys in the school had

*Mr. Arthur M. Knapp died in January, 1899.

†Miss Sheldon died in the summer of 1898.

inlisted in the army, and some of them were among those very wounded, for whom teachers and pupils were doing their utmost to provide soothing and healing appliances. Within a few hours a whole car-load was collected and sent from Brookline to Washington. The President, over his own signature, wrote a letter in grateful acknowledgment of the effort and zeal of the people of the town. Within the rooms of that old school-house which has just been torn down were taught and trained a good number of the soldiers who fought and died in that war which made the United States a nation; and during the whole length of the war there sat brothers and sisters of those soldiers, tortured with anxious suspense.

We remember one forenoon in April, 1865, a messenger came into the large school-room and spoke to the head-master hurriedly and with some emotion, then turned quickly and left the room. Mr. Hoar stepped forward to his desk, and in a clear and exultant voice, said: "Scholars, General Lee has surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, and Secession is dead." Instantly and spontaneously, as if by one impulse, the ninety pupils in the room shouted with a burst of joy; every desk-lid was slammed again and again with all the owner's might; the boys stamped their feet till the floors trembled, and the very ceiling and walls shook as if ready to burst away. A more spontaneous and sincere exultation was never witnessed.

The old school-house saw the beginnings and endings of two of the most extraordinary and momentous wars of modern times—and those two wars were waged by our own country. The war of the Crimea preceded the school-house by three or four years; but there was presented to the school an excellently prepared skeleton of a French soldier who fell in that war. The school still possesses that skeleton. It was given by a former pupil to be discreetly used in illustrating physiology in the class-room.

The architecture of the school-houses of Brookline has not been universally admired; but the old house just torn down was among the best in its architecture; it was simple, plain and did not offend the eye nor good taste. There is not now a school-room in the town better lighted, better adapted to its purposes or more pleasant

than was the Principal's room in the old High School building. From its walls there looked down well-selected busts of Homer, Cæsar, Cicero, Milton, Franklin, and a statuette of Hamilton; several of these were presented by citizens interested in the school. Here teachers and pupils gathered at the opening of the school and at its close, and here all the pupils sat when not attending a recitation; in this room, too, the Principal conducted a recitation every hour in the day. Sometimes he would shorten his recitations and visit the other rooms of the building, having confidence that there would be no disorder among the pupils in his room during his absence; sometimes, but seldom, was that confidence abused. There could not well be a school in which the discipline was better, easier or freer from irritation. One instance is remembered when two or three took advantage of the teacher's absence from his room. The general feeling of the pupils was indicated by one of them rising and saying, "When he confides in and trusts us it is mean and faithless in us to take advantage of it." During a few years the "self-reporting" system was adopted in the school. We did not then, nor would we now recommend its general adoption.

While the High School was in the building just removed there were three different Principals: Mr. Hoar, the first, came from the old stone building on Walnut street; he was succeeded by Mr. Farnsworth, and then came Mr. Sanford, the present Principal of the new High School on Gorham avenue.

For some years Mr. Hoar had no Sub-Master to assist him in the school. Wheeler F. Clark was the first one; he was followed by Solon F. Whitney, who left the school to become instructor in the State Normal School at Bridgewater, and afterwards principal of the High School at Watertown; he is now librarian of the Public Library in that town. Edward Bangs Drew was our next Sub-Master; he left on receiving an appointment in the Department of Customs in China, which office he still holds. Arthur M. Knapp took Mr. Drew's place in the High School, which he held till he was given a position in the Boston Public Library. Charles F. Withington was for some time Sub-Master; he was invited to the same position in the Roxbury Latin School, and is now a practicing

physician in that part of Boston. Other Sub-Masters in the school, while it was in the old building, were Charles B. Shute, Frank Lawton, N. H. Harriman, John W. Mason and A. J. George.

In a subsequent article we may record some reminiscences relating more nearly to the pupils in the old High School house.

J. E. H.

A CURIOUS TRIBE IN ASIA MINOR

THERE are some colonists in Asia Minor who are called "Jingane;" they are almost in their primitive condition. They have no special home; they move from place to place, remaining only a few days in any city or village. Every family has a tent woven of black hair, two dogs, two, three or more asses and one song thrush. Their business is sieve-making. They use several dog and cat skins for the strings of one sieve, and with iron tools they fashion the frame of shallow vessels.

Until twenty years of age they do not put caps on their heads in summer time. The children of this tribe dress in merely one shirt with no other garment; they are almost always bare-footed, with no shoes or stockings in all summer time. They sleep on the ground, sometimes two or more persons in one bed. When they settle near by a city they sell a few of the sieves, and however much they gain they spend in one day. The women of these colonists all the time are bare-footed, and they wrap pieces of cloth about their heads. A woman, when she goes to walk about the streets in order to sell her sieves, wraps her baby in pieces of cloth and puts it in a bag and hangs several sieves on her head. They eat dinner on the ground, without any chair or table or carpet. They put a big plate in the middle of a circle of fifteen or more persons, and if the dinner is not soup they do not use spoons, knives or forks; they eat simply with their hands. The men and women are separated entirely at

dinner time. Perhaps an American would not believe the truth of this description, but the Jinganes live as here described.

One of the most curious customs of this tribe is when one of them wants to marry. All the tribe assemble in one of the tents, and one aged grandfather sits in the middle, while the others find seats all about in rows one above another, and they kindle a big fire at the front of the tent and kill a lamb and put it on the fire, while the young man and the maid come into the presence of the grandfather. The grandfather addressing the girl, says:—

"My daughter, we will give you to this man to be his wife, but you must suffer whatever he requests. When you move from one place to another you will walk on foot while he rides on an ass. When you settle you will take the burden down, and you will fix the tent while he sits in comfort. He will smoke and you will cook coffee for him; you will earn and he will eat; you will have trials and he will take comfort. If you are content with this agreement I give you to him."

After this advice they bring the lamb, which was on the fire, into the middle, and they eat it with great satisfaction.

As the day is separated from night by the sunshine, so the civilized nations are separated by education from uncivilized tribes like these Jinganes.

SENEKERIM MAGARI.*

* Our fellow-student from Asia Minor.

MR. MORSE AFTER DINNER

MR. MORSE got up from a fine cup of coffee, and sauntered into the library. Here he started to take a cigar from the holder, but remembering they were a Christmas present from the family, decided he wouldn't take the chances. Rapt in the evening papers he settled back comfortably in his big Morris chair, with his feet stretched out to the crackling fire. He noticed that the drop-light was poor, but decided it was because he had last used the cord on Fido.

He had read about twenty minutes, when he began to feel a draught. There certainly was a draught coming right around the corner from the hall. He could feel it too well, as the hairs on the top of his head could easily be numbered. He had just settled down to a delicious sense of hominess, when a crackling from the fire sent a burning coal out on the rug into dear Fido's hair. There was a scramble, and a yelp : the next Mr. Morse knew was that he had a very hot coal between his fingers. Of course it was dropped with some deliberation (?). Then what an odor there was of burning wool ! Mr. Morse said something, aud tried to brush the coal into the fire with the newspaper. It was immovable. Mrs. Morse called down the stairs, sweetly, "John, dear, don't I smell something burning ?" With a vicious kick, the coal landed in the grate.

Mr. Morse next tried to read a magazine, and was becoming wildly interested, when Mrs. Morse's gentle voice was again heard : "John, its so chilly up here for the children, I wish you would look at the furnace."

When he returned, and had hurled himself onto the couch, Mrs. Morse questioned in that bird-like voice of hers, "John, don't you think you'd better write just a little note to Mrs. N. — — — ?" The rest was lost, as a magazine had been laid rather heavily on the table. "Where's that ink ?" from Mr. Morse, "I had it not two days ago, right here on this table. It does seem as though a man couldn't have even a table to himself, in this house, without someone going off with his things !" Mr. Morse made numerous

inquiries for the ink, all to no purpose. Then his wife suggested that, "perhaps it *might* be in the writing-desk."

The letter was finally written, and Mr. Morse was congratulating himself on a "good deed done," when the door-bell rang. Mr. Morse sat and glared at the fire for about three minutes. Then his wife's brother Will appeared.

Brother Will was an inventor, and often called on his brother-in-law. In his words he had been "at present working upon a little scheme for filtering the smoke rising from locomotive smoke-stacks. Great thing! Sure to sell! Such a convenience to large cities where there were so many trains in and out," and so on.

Brother Will had talked his best for thirty minutes, when he turned to Mr. Morse with, "Wouldn't you like to invest a bit . . ?" But as he was rather forcibly interrupted from the depths of the arm-chair, he concluded Mr. Morse must have been asleep.

F. J., '01.

A CHRISTMAS ECHO

THE day before Christmas was bitterly cold. The north wind whistled around the street corners with a penetrating chill, and sent the snowflakes into blinding flurries as they drifted to the ground.

It had been hard for Friedel Bauer, the street fiddler, whose slight, scantily-clad figure was ill fitted to face the cold. All the bleak day long he had wandered about from house to house; it was now in the late afternoon. His pockets were empty and his hands were stiff. The poor musician wondered why, at this joyous season when every heart is warmed to its fellow creatures, he should have been overlooked. Friedel was tired, cold, and discouraged.

He had trudged through the drifts to houses where merry, bright-eyed children were wont to await his coming. Usually, with pen-

nies tucked tight in their chubby hands and their rosy faces pressed close to the window-pane, they would listen with glee to his merry tunes. But somehow everyone seemed busy adding finishing touches today, and had no thought for the shivering fiddler.

The twilight was rapidly deepening. Friedel stopped short in his piece, and with his bow in mid-air, said half aloud, "Ach, it would haf been besser for thee, Friedel Bauer, if thou hadst remained in the Fatherland. Then thy wife Minna would not haf died of grief among a cruel people, and thy children might haf been happy to-night,—die liebe Kinder!" Two great tears came into the father's eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks. "Wenn ich nur ein paar Geschenkchenoe für ihnen hätte!" in his thoughts he used again his mother tongue. "I fear me they may not see the Christkind this year," he murmured huskily.

He pulled himself together. "Come, Friedel, Friedel, thou shouldst not be sad on this day! The children love thee, and know that hadst thou been able, they would haf been remembered by thee." And with a lighter heart he walked briskly off to the great house on the corner. Here a sweet-faced invalid sat ever at the window and nodded kindly to her street friend whenever he appeared. But today the curtains were drawn. Friedel played "Die Heilige Nacht" with even more pathos than usual, but no shutter was raised, and no dainty maid came out to give him the longed for coppers.

Slowly and sadly he started home. The shop windows sparkled and glittered with toys and many lights. Happy faced Christmas shoppers whose arms were filled with mysterious bundles hurried past him. Everyone was merry, everyone was intent on his own share in the coming festivities, and no one had time to notice the poor street musician.

Friedel was gazing with all his soul in his eyes at one of the glistening windows when suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder — then a coin was pressed into his hand. A voice said, "A happy Christmas to you, my friend," and the fiddler, turning, watched an old white haired man disappear into the darkness.

He looked after him, then down at the coin in a dazed fashion; it was a half dollar. A glow of happiness spread over his face, he trembled excitedly from head to foot. Whispering "Gott sei Dank! Die kinder, die liebe kinder!" Friedel pushed open the door with unsteady hands and went into the shop. The girl at the counter wondered at the tears in the poor man's eyes.

E. L. B., '01.

SKETCHES

I

THE FOOTBALL GIRL

WE all know her—this football crank! A devoted follower of "our heroic eleven" she appears at every game loyally clad in the school colors. After school she rushes off, regardless of her warm lunch, to sit all the afternoon in a drizzling rain.

Our enthusiast smiles with a calm superiority when, just after the team has run on the field and is practicing the signals, the girl in front turns and says: "Oh, *do* tell me what the score is now!" She scorns the girls who prefer a cosy armchair before the cheerful fire at home to the game, and despises the boys "who do not know enough to go to cheer for our fellows."

And, speaking of cheering, what can she do? She has been asked not to cheer by one of our friendly authorities, and urged on to it by one still higher in command who is vastly more to be feared. So our crank cheers with all her might and main at some fine play; but when it comes to a *touchdown* she waves her flag frantically in the air—to the very evident disgust of the girl behind her—and squeals, shrieks, yes, even howls with delight.

After the game, cold, tired and very hoarse, but proudly triumphant, she can hardly control herself. Her fellow-passengers in the boulevard car first smile at the girl with glowing cheeks and

shining eyes, and then grow interested in the rapid, chattering review of the game she is giving her neighbor.

And in school! We all know of what our enthusiast is thinking when, in the algebra class, she is asked to give an example of an axiom, and answers with a far-away look in her eyes, "Six to six, a *tie game*!" She looks innocently around when we all laugh, and recovering herself, blushes a deep crimson and drops guiltily into her chair.

We are wondering if her devotion will lead our crank to sacrifice her most becoming pompadour for football bangs. Perhaps—next fall!

E. L. B., '01.

II

A fresh breeze is deepening the blue of the harbor and driving the fleecy clouds at a swift pace across the sky. The white yachts and stubby black fishing boats are swinging at their moorings.

On the edge of Tower's wharf three small boys are fishing. "There's Johnny in his new boat. Bet you he tips her over," cries one of them, pointing to a small craft with a mainsail the size of a napkin and a jib like a black pocket handkerchief, which the wind was sweeping up the harbor with alarming rapidity, in spite of the efforts of its diminutive skipper.

"Hey! Johnny! bet you a cent you can't reach Arthur's float," yells the fisherman.

On darts the small yacht, skillfully steered in and out between the boats. The float is nearly reached.

"I'm goin' to get that cent!" shrieks the triumphant John.

But alas! That little puff scurrying along in his wake has caught him, and over go Johnny and boat within three feet of the float.

E. C., '99.

The First Class has held its annual meeting for the election of officers. Those chosen are: Carroll Perkins, president; Alice Seaver, vice-president; Fred Rice, secretary and treasurer; and Woodworth James, class delegate for athletics.

NEWS NOTES

Good resolutions are now in order! How long will they remain so?

Perhaps you have noticed in the lower corridor the new stained floor from "Greece."

Having assisted in starting Cornell well on its course, John Marvin has decided to finish his year at Tech.

Judging by the size of the lunches devoured daily by some of the boys, there are several in the school who believe in "expansion."

Save your SAGAMORES! At the end of the year you might wish to have them bound. Fifty cents will pay for binding them into a neat book, of school colors.

The Third Class has chosen for its officers: Winthrop Richmond, president; Emily Blodgett, vice-president; and Harry Donald, secretary and treasurer.

With the destruction of the old High School building it seemed fitting that we should print something to its memory. Mr. Hoar has, with extreme kindness, made this possible.

The use of slang among teachers must be prevented. When an instructor tells a pupil that a certain clumsy translation "jars you," the former does not seem to realize his danger.

We see by the L. A. W. Bulletin that a law has been passed in Nova Scotia, declaring that all carts and trucks shall be provided with four and one-half inch tires. A marked step toward the maintenance of good roads, we think.

Once again we have changed mathematics teachers. Miss Wiggin and Mr. Crawford now have the pleasure (?) of the position formerly filled by Mr. Mackintosh. Miss Wiggin takes all the geometry and Mr. Crawford all the algebra classes. We wish them all success in what has hitherto proved a difficult task.

In the last edition of THE SAGAMORE we stated that our school was in need of "more mirrors for the girls." Pardon our mistake. Recent fights between the boys of '99 and '00 for the possession of what was first a mirror, then a wreck, and is now a few splinters of wood and glass, have shown us that the boys, not the girls, demand more mirrors. But the boys have paid for their vanity — and for the mirror.

Where are our Wednesday morning talented speakers?

Probably few realize that the Sunday concerts being given at Music Hall are directed by Mr. Cole.

The temperature of Room 9 is usually high; but can the discussions in that room be called heated?

The plane now being used on Jamaica Pond is a new one from Holland. It is still known, however, as Jamaica Plain.

Of course we shall all be interested in a magazine soon to be published in London. The magazine will contain Latin pure and simple.(?)

Jack Hoar has recently broken Tech's record in hurdling; moreover we understand that he scored more points in the meet than even the Track Captain.

Read our exchanges by all means; but don't carry them away or use them as battering-rams on personal foes. We prefer the original magazines rather than scraps of crumpled paper.

It has been a great help to the Debating Club to have two of the teachers present at its meeting for three or more times in succession. If these teachers can stand the meetings, it would seem as if more scholars might do the same.

Hereafter, those who abuse the use of the cups or plates belonging to the lunch counter, will be forcibly requested to deny themselves the benefits of these utensils. "I'll have some soup right in my hands," will be their pitiful cry. O tempora! O mores!

Debaters as well as any who wish to look up any recent public topic will find Poole's Index a most valuable aid. This index is to be found in the Reference Room of the Public Library. It classifies all the articles which have appeared for years in monthly magazines.

Without wishing to hurt anyone's feelings, we recite an amusing incident by which one of our teachers fairly distinguished himself. The teacher was performing a series of experiments with kerosene lamps, candles, incandescent lamps and a movable gas-jet. Having done with the gas-jet he turned quickly to a candle, and lighting a match and holding it high above the candle—turned on the gas in the jet. The surprise pictured on his face when the gas failed to rise from the candle to the lighted match, was really worth noticing.

Thursday evening, Jan. 19, is the date of the supper to be held by the boys of '98.

Boy (suddenly called on, translating in the wrong place)—"The next morning I awoke —"

If it is best to "make haste slowly," we are getting along first-rate as far as new subscriptions are concerned.

We admit that this is rather late for a foot-ball story; but you are at liberty to lay it aside and read it next fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Smith Niver, formerly of the class of '98, B. H. S., to Mr. Archie Dana Friend of the class of '96, B. H. S. THE SAGAMORE offers its congratulations.

1st scholar — "What kind of seats did you have at the Hollis the other day?"

2d scholar (innocently) — "Pretty good ones; they were facing the stage."

Laying all politeness aside, we venture to reproduce a portion of a letter from our "friend in France." The letter reads: "The French are not unmindful of the value of travaux manuels et économie domestique, so I find many reminders of that department on my rounds through these schools. You would have been amused could you have been present at a cooking lesson which I recently heard. The professor was a noted chef who, having retired on a handsome fortune, is now giving instruction in one of the girls' schools here. He was attired in evening dress although it was 10 o'clock in the morning, and he spent his time, two hours of it at least (the lesson was three hours long), in delivering an impassioned address to the students upon the supreme importance of good cooking; while his wife, who was gorgeously attired in green silk, and a perfectly stunning hat with great nodding plumes, walked about and superintended the relays of girls who were cooking, six at a time. Refreshments were served,—a sort of custard,—but the enthusiastic instructor did not for a moment pause in his eloquent harangue, and when we withdrew he was still assuring his auditors that the happiness of the world was involved in the art which he was there to teach."

THE SAGAMORE

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So one more year begins. There is nothing radically remarkable about the annual arrival of January; yet, although we see no change in our environment, strange to say the extremely little matter of having started to live the same old months over again, affords us almost invariably an occasion for meditation. We say to ourselves, "If only I knew what was to be my lot in the coming year, I would at once know how to act." But our fate is unknown. It is this very invisibility of the future that causes many mischievous faces to look sober behind the mask.

We see ourselves, miserable mortals, placed by an invisible hand with our feet on earth, stumbling along over the years — serenely unawares of the myriads of precipices on whose edges we and our friends totter. So far, it may be, none for whom we care especially have lost their footing; yet fall we all must.

Who knows that this year will not give us our first taste of genuine sorrow? Who knows that another New Year may not miss some of the faces now so close to us? Perhaps it is well that we cannot answer these questions. Perhaps our ignorance saves us from months of painful anticipation. Still, we cannot help wondering in our blindness. It is natural to want a peep at the future. But, after all, the unexpected is what always happens. Indeed, so long has this been the rule that we are accustomed to expect the unexpected. So let us buy some "Don't worry nuggets" and look forward to a bright new century.

ABOUT flooding the playground: after serious consideration, we have come to the conclusion that the best way to flood any tract of land is by means of water. When we say "water" we do not mean fog, mist or any such shredded substitute; we mean real, genuine water.

We have not yet seen "water" used on the playground. We have seen a long, slim, lonely, little stream sent flying heavenward over the playground, and tiny fragments of this stream fluttering bashfully to the ground, where they straightway evaporated. That this stream is graceful, we do not deny; that it is cowardly to talk about so frail a thing behind its back, we also admit; but give us credit for meaning well. We are as anxious as another to see skating on the campus. It is on account of our interest that we venture an opinion that skating on the playground has so far been a failure because so small a stream of water has been used to flood it. We say, "Why not take advantage of a well frozen ground, when the water will freeze before sinking, and then turn on a few genuine hydrants?" Some of the water may sink or run over the

edges of the ground, but the result can not be more unsatisfactory than that obtained by the present method. Our plan will, at least, provide water faster than it can evaporate.

FREDERICK HUNTINGTON OSGOOD, JR.

IT is with real sorrow that the members of the class of 1902 mourn the loss of one of their beloved class-mates. Seldom has the school-community been so touched as it is by the death of Frederick Huntington Osgood, Jr. To all his class-mates his death comes as a great grief; but it is felt most keenly by the little group who knew and loved him well at the old Pierce School. His bright, happy nature, his generosity and sympathy were know to all, and his memory and influence will live long in the hearts of his class-mates. We sympathize deeply with his parents, and we appreciate the suffering through which our dear friend has himself passed.

"We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God."

In loving remembrance, R. S., '02.

ATHLETICS

IMMEDIATELY after the Christmas vacation, Captain Dexter issued a call for candidates for the indoor track team. About sixteen fellows came out, and since then the number has been constantly increasing. There is some promising material among the new candidates, and it seems as though the team ought to do as well as the 1893 team, which won fifteen points and third place in the interscholastic meet. Our indoor teams for the last few years have been a failure, due probably to the fact that they had no building to train in, which permitted of long distance running. In 1895 the management succeeded in securing the South Armory for its team to train in. Let us hope that the number of candidates this year will warrant the hiring of a similar building. Captain Dexter has written to Newton High to arrange for a relay race between teams representing the two schools, to take place at the Newton Indoor Meet.

The B. H. S. Swimming Club held its annual business meeting after school Tuesday, January 3rd. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Charles W. Lewis, 1900, president; Philip Fox, '99, vice-president; George R. Ainsworth, '99, secretary and treasurer. George R. Ainsworth, '99, was elected captain of the swimming team.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association the following resolutions in regard to wearing the school monograms were adopted: "The red B on a blue sweater shall be the official athletic emblem of the school. This may be worn only by those (1) who are members of the school base-ball team; (2) who are members of the school foot-ball team; (3) point winners in the meets of the N. E. I. S. A. A.; (4) who reach the final round of the Harvard I. S. tennis tournament.

The captains of the teams shall have full authority to confer the red B on those members of the teams whom they deem entitled to it. It is also required that point winners in the I. S. meet must actually defeat an opponent, in order to be entitled to the red B.

All members of the track team may wear the letters B. H. S. on the running shirt in blue. Point winners (who defeat an opponent) in the games of the triangular league may remove the H. S., leaving the blue B. on the running shirt.

It shall be the custom to decorate the baseball uniforms with the red B. H. S. monogram on blue back-ground, and the football uniform with the plain red B.

Wearing of school caps and stockings is governed by the same regulations as the red B.

J. Winthrop Foster, *Sporting Editor.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

Marion Hay, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

We present an opinion as to what an Exchange Column should *not* contain. We claim that space devoted monthly to acknowledging receipts of exchanges is space wasted. Moreover we do not believe in the practice of mixing jokes and criticisms together in one column. We look to the Exchange Column for suggestions; to the Humor page for jokes.

* * *

A plain cover is always preferable to one which is unhappily elaborate. If all fancy covers, however, were as successful as the one presented in the Latin and High School Review of Cambridge, how lowly would we feel! The Review has our congratulations.

We enjoy a paper which presents its articles neatly and with regard to order. For this reason we should be likely to read the Grotonian before many other Exchanges.

* * *

Are we wrong in claiming the last comment in the December Oracle, or do Sagamore and Sycamore look so much alike?

* * *

The High School Autocrat of Cairo, Illinois, is one of many Exchanges which are wrapped altogether too closely. Many a good paper is left untouched because of this unfortunate habit of "squeezing."

There was a young fellow named Tate
Who dined with his girl at 8.08,
But since Tate did not state,
I cannot relate
What Tate at his tête-à-tête ate at 8.08.
—[L. A. W. Bulletin.

Young man (to tailor, dubiously)—"Don't you think I am a trifle bow-legged?"

Tailor—"The idea! Your lower anatomy is absolutely without parallel!"—[Ex.

"Oh! Bridget, I told you to notice when the apples boiled over."

"Sure I did, mum. It was quarter past eleven."—[Ex.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. That is the reason Monday is placed after Sunday.—[Ex.

Moments when we wish to be alone —from 7 to 7.30 A. M.

A naturalist tells us that a snipe has a nerve running clear down to his bill. So has a plumber. How wonderful are Nature's works!—[Ex.

THE MAN REMEMBERED

Fond mother—"I want to get something for my little boy of eight—something he will remember."

Floorwalker—"Ah, yes! Here, cash! Show this lady to the slipper counter."—Ex.

Someone has said time is money. Anyhow times change.—Ex.

Proprietor in bird-store—"Now, lady, take your choice; these parrots are all the same price."

Old lady—"Well, I guess I will take Honesty."

Proprietor—"Which one?"

Old lady—"This one—Honesty."

Proprietor—"All right, but what makes you call him Honesty?"

Old lady—"Because Honesty is the best Poll-I-see."—[Ex.

QUAINT EPITAPHS

Skaneateles, N. Y.—

"Under this pile of stones
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.
(Her name was Lord, it was not Jones,
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.)"

Winslow, Me.—

"Here lies one Wood enclosed in Wood.
One Wood within another,
The outer wood is very good,
We cannot praise the other."

Burlington, Vt.—

"Charity, wife of Gideon Bligh
Underneath this stone doth lie;
Naught was she ever known to do
That her husband told her to."
—[Taken from the "Satchel."

Bridget (whispering to mistress during dinner)—"Will ye have egg-sauce with the puddin', mum?"

Mistress—"Have we any eggs?"

Bridget—"No, mum."

No egg sauce.

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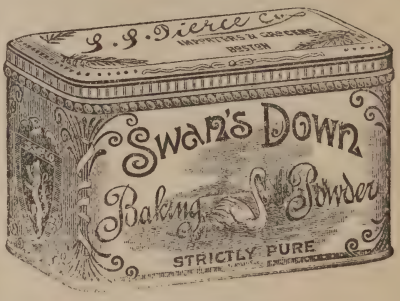

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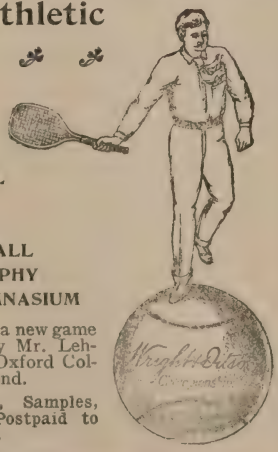

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VOLUME 5 NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY

1899

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 5 FEBRUARY, 1899 NUMBER 4

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL HOUSE

Semper honos nonenque tuum landesque manebunt

II

THE old High School house on Prospect street was not torn down till almost every one who advised and aided in its construction had gone to his final reward. Indeed, there are not a few who were pupils in the school for whom twelve o'clock has struck, and they are on the descending side of their lives. But though their school-days were spent from thirty to forty years ago, they recall them with the vividness of what happened only yesterday. Class-mates and school-mates pass in review clearly seen. In how many cases have those "Prophecies" made and written for graduation days proved to be true? Have any become legislators of whom this was predicted? Have any become scientific men? Who, of whom it was anticipated, have become professors in colleges or even instructors? Did any become ministers or lecturers as their early ways and tastes promised? Who became inventors? Who financiers? Did any make lawyers? What ones became good business men? Have any, contrary to expectation, proved useless members of the community? The answers to these several questions are not difficult nor uninteresting. But it is not the history of the school we are writing—only a few of its reminiscences. We shall avoid names, believing that our facts will reveal the individuals.

One will be remembered who, before he entered the High School, was not distinguished for his scholarship, nor did he achieve distinction his first year in this school. But the second year he began his geometry and made remarkable progress. He drew a figure made up of only twenty-three lines, by which he could demonstrate every proposition in the first three books of Playfair's Euclid.

Before he left school, gentlemen of the town employed him to survey their estates; afterwards he was appointed to a position in the United States Coast Survey, where the department's appreciation of him was indicated by his being clothed with responsibilities and sent abroad. His desk in the school-room and his place at the blackboard are well remembered.

We think the first military company organized in a Massachusetts school was organized in the old High School on Prospect street. The war for the Union filled the air with the military spirit. Of the former pupils one had been the first volunteer of the town to join the army; two others who were just graduated from the school had been colonels in the volunteer force. Gentlemen in town had formed themselves into a company and were drilling in the Town Hall. The Principal of the school was drilling with them every week, and was afterward drafted into the United States Army. Under these and other similar influences the boys of the High School formed themselves into a well-officered and thoroughly-drilled company. Governor Andrew appointed men to come out and see the boys go through the manual and the manœuvres on parade. One consequence was that the state officials invited the boys to go to other towns to show their proficiency and perhaps to excite emulation. Happily, the close of the war turned the attention and interest of all from arms to the arts of peace. The boys had suffered no disadvantage in their studies, but had had an experience, reminiscences of which are even now not unpleasant. These things happened more than thirty years ago. How different was the Brookline of 1863 from the Brookline of 1899.

And among the changes the school-houses will claim a significant share. Only one or two of those standing, when the old High School house was built, can now be found. Methods, too, requirements and details in the schools have given way and have been substituted by others. The number of departments formerly taught in the High School was thought to be large when each and every teacher conducted a recitation in every hour of the school session. Now the departments are greatly multiplied, and the number of teachers has grown from six to more than twenty.

The pupils in 1860 spent more time than they now do and concentrated their energies on fewer studies. In Virgil, for example, the pupils were expected to study and determine the derivation, formation and construction of every word in the lesson, and before coming to the recitation-room to have made a good translation of the whole lesson, and in some cases to have written as elegant a translation as they could of certain passages. Now in the classroom we hear "translation at sight;" and the pronunciation of the Latin hardly suggests the good old Latin words we used to hear thirty years ago. Our High School was not among the first to adopt the *new* pronunciation, and it was not absolutely required for admission to college, though many of the preparatory schools taught it. A consequence was that our boys sometimes found themselves a little singular in college in reading their Latin. One day an Oxford professor was invited at Harvard to be present at a recitation in Latin. After others in the class had been called up, the instructor called upon one of our boys to pronounce and translate. The Oxford professor's eyes began to sparkle, and he said to the instructor, loud enough to be heard by the whole class, "That 's good; I enjoy that." It was not long before this incident that one of our boys was awarded at Harvard the prize for writing Latin hexameters.

We recall two incidents in the Virgil class, which, though unimportant in themselves, it may not be out of place to mention here. Those connected with the incidents are still living, though not all of them in Brookline.

A recitation in Virgil was in charge of the Principal. Twin sisters were in the class — bright scholars and excellent girls; they strikingly resembled each other in voice and features. One of them was called on to translate a passage in the Æneid, which she did exceedingly well. After an interval the other sister was called on to recite, the teacher for some reason not raising his eyes from his book. This sister, not having her lesson perfectly learned, gave a significant glance toward the other sister, who, taking in the situation at once, made a good recitation without exciting the suspicion of the teacher; though he soon noticed that

the class could not suppress a smile. At the close of the recitation the two sisters came to the teacher's desk, confessed what they had done, and hoped he would pardon that one time their naughty doing.

The other incident occurred on the day before a Thanksgiving day. The class were translating that portion of the Third Book of the Æneid, in which is described the descent of the Harpies upon the Tables of Æneas and his companions: "At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt Harpyiæ." At that moment one of the boys, who had a few minutes before asked to be excused from the class-room, entered the door with an immense turkey, presenting it to the teacher for his Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow. The pleasantry and merriment that followed can be more easily imagined than described.

About the time of which we are speaking almost a gale of excitement in *spelling* swept over Eastern Massachusetts. Spelling-matches were as frequent as the rallies of political parties, and gathered together spectators from neighboring towns. Prizes of books and money were offered to the best speller, or to the one who "spelled the others down." From a young man in a town of Middlesex County came a challenge to Brookline to meet him in a spelling contest in the Town Hall on some evening to be agreed upon. He would stand alone against any and all who would spell with him. At an appointed time the Town Hall was filled, and great was the excitement among the young people. Suffice it to say, the over-confident challenger did not take the first prize; but he did take the second prize; the first was awarded to one of the boys of the High School, who now lives in Brookline and pleasantly recalls the incident. Little was then heard about phonetic spelling; English usage and not Webster's Dictionary was the authority in Eastern Massachusetts.

A favorite study in the High School has always been Natural Philosophy, now called Physics. A series of experiments was once given by the boys at a public exhibition of the school in the Town Hall. The air pump, which came from our Minister at St. Petersburg, the electrical machine and the galvanic battery were promi-

nent among the apparatus. What if a boy could then have prophesied and described the trolley-car of today? He could describe the electric telegraph, which was said to have run a race with Time and had actually beaten him. The Bell telephone, however, was not then known, though electricians all over the world were directing their attention to the invention of an electric telephone. Such an instrument was finally devised; but it failed to have real commercial value till one of our High School boys invented an attachment, which has been generally adopted throughout the world, and now gives to the telephone its immense value, and its almost universal use in mercantile and official circles and in private dwellings.

The air pump, too, was an interesting and favorite piece of apparatus. The skillful operator seemed to be a magician playing with the invisible. Out of school hours, when no girls were present, the boys would come as near vivisection as this: Mice, snakes, toads, tadpoles (in a glass of water), grass-hoppers and flies were put under the receiver, and the results carefully noted as the air was exhausted. Possibly these experiments had some influence with several boys who became creditable entomologists.

One morning it became known that during the previous night a Mephitis Americana had fallen or made its way into the cold-air box of the furnace and was unable to get out. How the few boys, who were quietly and confidentially told of the embarrassment, secretly managed the case need not be divulged here, and hence, none but those boys will ever know anything about it.

In the old High School house, as is not the case now, there was semi-annually a public examination of every class in the school. The whole School Board would be present, select topics from the text-books studied by the class, or indicate passages in the classics or foreign languages which the classes had read the preceding six months. In this way every pupil in the school would be called on to answer orally questions in every one of his studies asked by the School Committee. At other times in the year classes had also written examinations. Of the oral examinations no record was kept, but the advantages of them are now hardly appreciated.

But we fear we are becoming almost garrulous about the old school-house. We admit that intimate relations with all the pupils who met there for more than thirty years, and solicitous interest in the success of every one of them, have made us well nigh sentimental when we see the scene of it all torn down and forever blotted out. We hope, however, that Phœnix-like from the traces there will arise new life, new progress and new ambitions.

J. E. H.

WAITING FOR THE CORNERSVILLE EXPRESS

ALL Cornersville was in a flutter of excitement. The old station, up by the "Joe Bill Road," was thronged with excited men, women, boys and girls, who were gazing anxiously down the track for the coming of the five-thirty train. Even "Old Jacob Gladson," who kept the leading and only dry goods store in Cornersville, and was never known to leave his shop on any other days but Sundays, and "Lection Days," was there, in a brand new suit, and his "Meetin' overcoat."

The fact was, that Mr. Jeremiah Landslaw, the recognized great leader of the village, who always took all the premiums for his stock at the annual cattle shows, was coming home from the West, where, it was said, he had made a great fortune.

Everyone was anxious to see him again, and pay to him the honor due so celebrated a personage. That was the reason why little Johnny Crabb was mounted on the topmost branch of the old apple-tree in front of the building, making signs and singing out whenever he thought he saw the train coming.

"Here she comes," he kept repeating.

"No, 'taint neither," replied some of his mates, who were less fortunate than Johnny.

"I'll bet yer," returned the former. "You can't see anyway, but if yer was up here yer could."

That aroused ill feeling among the other boys, and they resolved that they wouldn't speak to the "kid" any more.

While everyone was speaking as loudly as he could, one little piping voice was distincty heard above the rest. It belonged to Maria Whittlesey, a little body who was arrayed in a severely plain alpaca, and a red striped shawl.

"What a lot of people there is here, aint there?" she was saying to a friend. "Seems to me there must be nigh twenty-five. I wonder when that train will come in anyhow. We've been waiting now pretty nigh half an hour. Prob'ly they had to git on more steam before they could start out. Yer know Jeremiah weighs nigh two hund'ed an' fifty," she said laughingly. "I wonder if he's changed much. They say he wears a stovepipe hat and dresses real nobby."

"Well, folks as has money like him can dress fine," returned her friend. "Will yer look at that Wilkins boy! Right on them tracks! Why don't his mother run after him? Like's not he might git killed."

Just then a chorus of voices sang out with great vigor, "She's a'comin'! She's a-comin'! The train's a-comin'! Clear the track!" The little Wilkins boy was off the rails in a hurry. At that moment the whistle of the engine was heard; and, as the train rolled in, Johnny Crabb was heard to say, as he "shinned" down the tree in great haste, "There! didn't I tell yer she was comin'?"

F. E. G., '02.

THE PHILATELIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE postage stamp, like the crusades, originated in France; but it was not until eighteen hundred and forty that it assumed its present form. England, in that year, issued a small rectangular piece of black paper called a postage stamp; it sold for a penny and was used to prepay the postage on letters. Other countries quickly followed England's example. In the United States the first stamps were those issued by the city of New York

in eighteen hundred and forty-three, for the purpose of prepaying postage within city limits. Numerous other stamps of a like nature were issued; but not until eighteen hundred and forty-seven did the first postage stamps for general use appear in the United States. Two were then issued by the government; a five and a ten cent stamp. These continued in use until eighteen fifty-one, when a new issue appeared, the rate for domestic letters being reduced from five to three cents. This new set contained the following values: one, three, five, ten, twelve, twenty-four, thirty and ninety cents. Both this and the previous set were imperforated; the last three stamps mentioned are very rare, the ninety cent especially. This same issue appeared perforated in eighteen fifty-five.

About the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, stamped envelopes, of the denominations of three, six and ten cents, came into use. These were quite generally used as postage stamps, and were printed on two kinds of paper, buff and white. In sixty-one the Post Office Department called in all stamps then in issue, fearing that they would be of value to the Confederates. An issue appeared in August, superseded by one in September. The difference between these issues, though really very slight, is easily distinguished; and the monetary value of the former is very great.

C. L. C., '00.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. DUSENBURY PLAYING GOLF

"FORE!" cried Dusenbury, as the couple abreast took their second stroke. Taking great care to get the right position, to get his thumb right on the grip, to keep his eye on the ball, his elbows away from his body, not to go too far back and to follow his stroke through, Dunsenbury prepared for one of those two hundred and fifty yard drives he boasted of. After addressing the ball a half a dozen times he drew himself together, and regardless

of his cautions, let go at the ball as if it were the head of a rattlesnake. The result was that he hit the ground about a foot behind the ball, snapping the shaft of his new driver; then, losing his balance, he rolled off the tee. The sight of Dusenbury sitting on the ground, still clinging for all he was worth to the other half of the shaft, his caddie jumping around and splitting his sides with laughter, was something worth seeing.

After Dusenbury had come out of his trance and understood the situation, he bounced to his feet, pulled the brassy out of the bag and stepped up to the tee, too "game" to be balked by a little thing like that. Taking a heaping handful of sand out of the bucket, teeing his ball about six inches high, and saying that he bet he would not hit the ground this time, he again brought to mind certain technicalities of the game; but, as before, he did not apply them. He made another terrible sweep at the ball, but he teed it too high and went under it. He was furious, and could no longer control his temper. Firing his brassy against a tree, and splintering it to pieces, he turned on his caddie, and, as if he was greatly insulted, asked him what he was laughing at, saying that he would report him, that he threw him all off his game, and that he ought to know better than to laugh when a man was taking a stroke. Having nothing else to turn on, as his "sand" had been all wasted on the ball, Dusenbury took his remaining clubs and walked up to the club-house, muttering to himself that it was an old woman's game and he did not see any fun in it, and he did not believe anyhow that a man after middle age could learn the game.

E. A. C., '01.

Last spring saw one of our boys fighting for his country; last summer witnessed the rescue of two drowning men by another member of the school; a month or so ago one of our graduates succeeded in overwhelming an older (if not larger) fellow; and we all have heard the story of how bravely still another of our former class-mates succeeded in rescuing a dead chicken. How plucky are Brookline boys!

SKETCHES

I

BILL RAWLEY'S REFORM

I HAVE seen men who were as red-faced as Bill Rawley and who could rival him in blustering; but as an expert in the construction and use of oaths he undoubtedly stood on an inaccessible pedestal. He opened his mouth; and, behold, a circle of street-gamins gazed at him in rapture. He closed his mouth; and, behold, he did not look in the least at ease until he opened it again.

Being fairly competent to keep the tracks in front of him clear, Bill had taken his place among motor-men. If cursing the brakes and the weight of the car ever aided in stopping one, he must have saved considerable physical exertion. Yet the pressure of his work afforded him another occasion for his pet pursuit. In short, he was a sorely abused fellow. He felt it and did not hesitate to express his feelings strongly.

One eventful afternoon when Bill was conducting his car down Tremont street a switch-man swung on to the front platform. This switch-man knew Bill and what to expect from him; so he grinned widely as his friend hurled volleys of oaths at everyone unfortunate enough to wish a ride on his car. No more rare exhibition of a thoroughly competent vocabulary was ever enjoyed.

At the corner of Dartmouth and Tremont streets, however, a remarkable thing happened. Some one hailed the car, and, having succeeded in stopping it, continued leisurely to finish his conversation with a friend. At the same moment the front door of the car opened and someone stepped on to the platform. The switch-man, however, too busy in anticipating Bill's rage to turn, did not notice this third person.

Bill was, indeed, having a mighty conflict within himself; his breath came in quick gasps, his veins swelled alarmingly and his face became fairly purple. Suddenly, as he could hold in no longer, he leaned far out over the side of the car and shouted with appalling velocity and ferocity, "East Boston Ferry, you! East Boston Ferry! East Boston Ferry———!"

The switch-man in speechless amazement at Bill's sudden reform, fell off the platform; but as he did so he noticed, standing directly behind the motor-man, a well-known, stern ecclesiastic. Bill had respected the cloth. R. B. B., '99.

II

ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY

On the way from Europe an American struck up the acquaintance of an Englishman, and they discovered that they had many mutual friends.

"By the way," remarked the Englishman, whose name was Abercrombie, "you know so many people that I do, perhaps you have met a cousin of mine with the same name. He lives in one of the suburbs of New York."

"I do not think I have," answered the American, "but do you remember the name of the suburb?"

"Yes, I do," replied the Englishman, "it was Rio Janeiro."

M. K. S., '01.

NEWS NOTES

They tell us that although the "Mid-Years" take up only an hour each, they count as much as a fourth of a year. Now why not say they amount to an hour and "a quarter."

"Well," said the weather prophet, "if the state does not see fit to make Lincoln's birthday a holiday, I will." And he succeeded better than either he or we could have hoped.

That superstition is not a thing of the past, we see every day. Who is there among us who would not look very wise when he heard an alarm from box thirteen rung in seven times in less than seven days?

Inasmuch as the selection "El Capitan" has been played by the orchestra for perhaps three years, the scholars of the school petition that some variations be added and played until a new piece is discovered.

One of our teachers assures us continually that "he is easy."

On cloudy days the new Debating Club signs will be illuminated by electric lights.

The question is whether or not Mr. Ohashi's speech on public day had been rehearsed.

There is a rumor that Booker Washington and his singers are coming to Boston. Let's be real generous and open our doors to them.

If you think that you would enjoy a book of some of the brightest, wittiest (we think) little poems ever printed, it would pay you to call for "Ben King's Verse" at the Archway Bookstore.

Let us hunt up our old stamp collections and compare them with the sets mentioned in the "Philatelic History of the United States." Perhaps we might find one or two of the valuable issues mentioned.

Now these "no school" days are fine; but why, on these days, does not the town send swift and early messengers to our homes to tell us that we need not wake up. There is no use talking, the authorities are very lax.

In order that we may fully enjoy the Seniors' dance, it seems about time to start to begin to get ready for it. If we remember correctly last year's class began talking about its dance about four or five months before it occurred.

A boy in this school, having been invited to a party on a certain Wednesday evening, answered that he could not accept. "Wednesday evening was the evening of the Debating Club." Give us a school full of fellows like this one and never would another plea for school interests appear in these columns.

Perhaps you have seen these statistics; if so, read them again. The buildings of Boston which could be enclosed in the Southern Union Station are:—

1. Mechanics' Building.
2. Old State House.
3. Y. M. Christian Asso.
4. Cadet Armory.
5. Herald Building.
6. Hotel Copley.
7. Faneuil Hall.
8. Waban Building.
9. Exchange Building.
10. Le Brun.
11. Old South Church.
12. Worthington Building.
13. Masonic Temple.
14. Carter Building.
15. Faneuil Market.
16. Post Office.
17. La Touraine.
18. Hotel Austerfield.
19. Hotel Vendome.
20. Ames Building.
21. Trinity Church.
22. City Hall.
23. State House.
24. Public Library.

The waste-basket in Room 9 calls loudly for pencil sharpenings.

Read the following quickly out loud:—"Par le leur Rhône que nous." Did you ever hear it before?

There was considerable talk awhile ago, about the possible adoption of self-government in the First Class; nothing but talk, however.

We hope that many of the scholars were fortunate enough to hear the Banda Rossa, "Italy's greatest band." It is by far the finest brass-band we have heard.

We considered the last public day a great success; but we could not help being ashamed of the lifeless way in which the school rendered its one song, "Ave Maria."

Mr. Ohashi addressed the Debating Club recently and was received as enthusiastically as he deserves. It is difficult to realize that he has been in this country but about six months.

Were any of us startled the other morning? Mr. Cole asked the sopranos to sing certain notes an octave lower than they were written, and added that later on they might sing them "in the high place."

The perpetrator of the accompanying question has suffered as much as his superior size would permit. Further particulars will be given on application. The question is, "Why is the price of a sleeping-car like silver nitrate?"

If class-room teachers were only far-sighted enough to notify their scholars daily, at one-thirty, whether or not the skating is good, there would be saved much confusion between—well, between some of the more frivolous boys and girls.

To the Editor of The Sagamore:—

Dear Sir: For an hour at least I had been suffering with an incurable drowsiness. I had tried Paine's Celery Compound and Dr. Wilson's Specific (I can't remember the number); but all to no effect. Then I happened to notice my SAGAMORE. I picked it up, glanced over its pages, and, as if by magic, all signs of drowsiness disappeared; for I fell into a deep sleep.

Gratefully yours,

_____ _____.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

IN the face of the recent blizzard, we forced our way down to the snow-clad wharves of Boston Harbor. The sight which there greeted our eyes was one of rugged splendor. The low dirty piers, the stubby little fishing vessels and the massive ocean-liners, had all lost their outlines. Every object in sight was bulging with clinging ice or snow. Places which we had always associated with filth and untidiness, were now arrayed in rough blankets of white. Even the water of the bay itself, usually so free and unkempt, was partially hidden by the coat of winter.

Hosts of storm driven, hungry gulls loitered aimlessly over the scene, evidently wondering at the sudden lull in marine traffic. As far as eye could reach there was not a building or a wharf which had not been covered with sheets of flying snow; not a ship which had not been overwhelmed by frozen spray.

Among a small company of stolid fishermen and a few curious onlookers — the only visible opponents still withstanding the storm— we stood silently for perhaps twenty minutes. And we have excellent reason to know of one pedestrian who will not soon forget those few minutes spent in facing the gale; for he too was conquered by the blizzard; he left the scene of battle with two frozen ears.

It seems as if something ought to be done for the improvement of service at the lunch-counter; and, unless we are very much mistaken, the remedy can easily be applied.

The root of the trouble seems to be, first, lack of room within and around the counter; and second, scarcity of money-drawers. Behind this counter the waiters are so cramped that they interfere with each other pitifully. The outside of the counter is usually lined with no less than three rows of struggling, ravenous would-be customers. Anyone who retires from this raging mass of human beings, without spilling the larger portion of his cup of soup, is considered a most fortunate or skilful personage. Moreover, there being but two money-drawers for six or more waiters, it is very natural that many valuable minutes should be lost while several of these waiters are attempting to visit the same drawer at precisely the same moment.

What we should like very much to see is a forward movement of the counter some two or three feet, and the extension of the same down the corridor of some ten feet. Then if any money be left in the town treasury, it might be found possible to double the number of money-drawers.

ATHLETICS

THE candidates for the relay team, which is to run against Newton High on February 22d, are training regularly. They have practiced enough on the Newton track to become sufficiently well acquainted with it and will doubtless do themselves justice in the race. The trials for the team will have been completed before the paper is published. Ben Lancy, the fastest man among the candidates, will be unable to run on account of his weak knee. This loss will be the more severely felt on account of the lack of really first-class material in the school.

H. Dexter, captain of our track team, ran in the trials for the Boston Interscholastic Relay Team, but failed to make it. His time for the 390 yards was 52 seconds.

The following members of the school have entered in the B. A. A. indoor games:—

B. C. Lancy	40 yards handicap.
P. Q. Dana	40 yards novice.
James Adams	40 yards novice.
H. Dexter	600 yards run.
H. J. Greene	1000 yards run.
A. D. Converse, Jr.	High jump.
R. L. Shewell	High jump.
E. W. Dorr	40 yards novice.
Stearns Ward	Half-mile run.

Mr. Packard and Mr. Holmes, the new instructor in gymnastics, held a consultation with some of the leading athletes in the school, with the idea of devising some scheme for putting the athletics in the school on a more business-like basis and for raising money to pay off the athletic association debt. We sincerely hope that the plan will be a success.

J. WINTHROP FOSTER, *Sporting Editor.*

HUMOR

Water can come and go when its tide.—[Ex.

Teacher — "Can anyone tell me the tense of this verb?"

Boy (in uncertain tone) — "Imperfect indicative."

Teacher — "Yes; but what voice?"

Same boy (hastily raising his hand) — "Mine, sir."

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A lighted cigar someone had dropped into the chair he sat on." —[Ex.

Ella — "Where does Belle get her good looks, from her father or her mother?"

Stella — "From her father, of course. He keeps a drug-store."—[Ex.

A pair of yellow slippers — two banana skins.—[Ex.

She — "I wonder how Mr. Brown and Mr. Sprint are coming out in rushing Miss Smith?"

He — "I've heard it as a positive statement that Sprint is four laps ahead."—[Ex.

A countryman on a visit to a city happened to come across a sign over a store advertising "Cast Iron Sinks." He looked at it a moment, and then said, "Well, any fool knows that."

He was an earnest minister; and one Sunday in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, he said, "The hand which made the mighty heavens, made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains, made a drop of water; which made you, made the grass of the field; which made me, made a daisy."—[Ex.

The crow cannot be said to rob the cornfield without caws.

He — "Have you read Carlyle's "Essay on Burns'?"

She — "No, I hate a medical treatise."—[Ex.

A doctor, asking to see his patient was told that the latter was in the bath.

"What!" cried the doctor through the key-hole to his patient, "what in the world do you mean by this recklessness?"

"But doctor," pleaded the invalid, "you told me to take my pills in water."

Teacher (severely) — "Is that chewing-gum in your mouth?"

Boy — "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher — "Give it to me."

Boy — "Wait and I'll get you a piece that ain't chewed."—[Ex.

Teacher (in Latin Class) — "Give the principal parts of 'possum.'"

Pupil — "Head, legs and tail."—[Ex.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

MARION HAY, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

THE High School Cousin seems to be an ambitious little paper; quality good, though quantity small. Let us hope that the former will not depreciate as the latter increases.

* *
*

WHAT a host of societies is supported by the High School, Brooklyn! No other evidence of the enterprise of the school is needed, yet its Recorder bears witness to this same energy.

* *
*

WE would call our readers attention to a certain editorial in the R. M. T. S. Register, which so ably sets forth the importance of a school paper and the necessity of the thorough support of the school.

THE Oracle is one of our new exchanges, which we have not before mentioned. We saw in the November number an offer of a prize for the best cover design. The idea is a good one. We have not yet seen the result, but are awaiting it with interest.

* *
*

WE notice in the January number of the Milton Orange and Blue a piece entitled the "Playgoers' Ravings," which seems to us but a viand served up with a new sauce, as it is very like the clever "Play upon Plays" which appeared in the December number of the High School Recorder. Doubtless, papers innocently fall into errors of this sort, but the coincidence is nevertheless singular.

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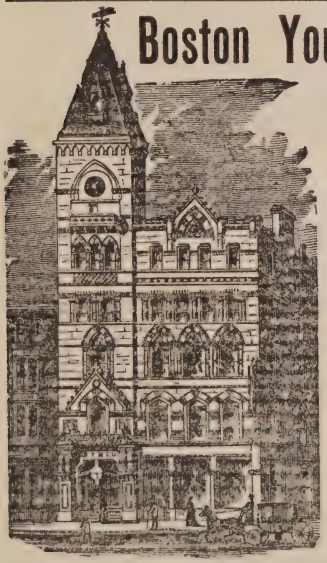

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MARCH
1899

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 5 MARCH, 1899 NUMBER 5

NEWS FROM OUR STUDENT AT HAMPTON

IT is generally understood, we believe, that our colored boy, Joseph Walker, whom we have been educating for four years at Hampton, was graduated last June with high honors. We have now assumed charge of a second pupil in the present entering class; his teacher describes him as:—

"... very unlike Walker in personal appearance, for he is black as black can be. He is a very bright boy, although he has much to learn, as his uncorrected letter indicates. We think he is, withal, a good boy, so that I trust he will well fill Walker's place..."

The following letter, misspelling and all, will be of special interest to those who have so generously aided in this noble enterprise.

HAMPTON, VA., Feb., 15, 1899.

KIND FRIENDS:—With many thanks for my tuition fee I write to tell you my object for coming to this school. I sent my application twice before I was admited and it was as difficult for me to get the ten dollars admition fee as it was to get the card of admition.

I managed to get the admition fee and enough money to bring me from home to Hampton, which was only a dollar and a half.

I was born in Lane View, Virginia, March the 24th, 1883. My father married a poor, young woman and lived here for ten years. Then he moved my mother, brother and me to the county of Gloucester; and we have been living there every since.

Since then he has taken the carpenter's trade, and has been successfull enough to put up a small grocery store and is doing fairly well.

I attended the public school of the country for several years and was advanced enough to enter an industrial school in the same county and aquired enough to enter this school through the effort of Mr. W. S. Price.

I always craved for wheelwrighting and my parents were very anxious for me to have it too, so they sent me down here and I got a work place in the Teachers' Home Pantry.

By being sparing I can save money enough to take me through the trade school next term. After I shall have finished my trade and the Academic coarse I want to go home and erect my shop where it is most neaded and do good, honest labor among my people.

A good, honest wheelwright is neaded very much in my vicinity and I shall try to fill the place if its the Lord's will.

There are several Hampton graduates in the county and are doing very well. When I told the principal that I wanted to be a wheelwright he said, "Do you think that you can get a chance to do good work at home?" I told him if I could get a good trade and do good work I could make my chance because a good tradesman can always get excellant chances if he begins in the right atitude and the right way.

Lowell says,

"Greatly begin! though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime,
Not failure, but low aim is crime." I think if I can carry out the plans of Mr. Lowell I will be successful. Honest, young men are needed in the south and I am going to try to help carry on the work that is neaded in the south.

I have but one brother and he is endevoring to go to some university to take a course of law for colored lawyers are very much needed in my county.

I thank you very much for my tuition, and I hope you will see the fruits of it in the time to come.

Yours very respectfully,
WILLIAM O. LOCKLEY.

MR. WM. H. LINCOLN'S ADDRESS

MR. LINCOLN has a most charming way of dropping in, once or twice a year, to talk to the students on subjects so well known by him and so poorly understood by them. In a short half hour he gives a summary of the important events which have happened since his last visit to the school; and he presents his summary in such a way that even the stupid (if there are any such) begin to understand the intricate and momentous workings of our nation.

In his recent address to the school, Mr. Lincoln first touched upon the subject of trusts, a subject of vast importance now and in the future. He said that for financial reasons, at least, consolidation of capital is most natural, for it reduces the number of officials needed to conduct the various trades, thus simplifying production; and, moreover, it enables raw products to be purchased at greatly reduced rates. On the other hand, the formation of trusts destroys the spirit of individuality; and, what is of more interest to most of us, the profits gained by consolidation go to the stockholders and not to the public in general.

Mr. Lincoln then mentioned this country's prosperity of late; and he attributed it to the fact that, whereas until recently we have imported largely, within the last two years we have begun extensive exporting. We are even supplying England, England the great ship-building country, with plates for the construction of vessels.

Then came the great question of the war. Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to give it as his opinion that when we drove the Spaniards from Cuba we took a step the wisdom of which will surely reveal itself in the future. The islands will now advance in prosperity and intelligence. Moreover they will undoubtedly be of value to the United States. The importation of sugar and fruit from Cuba will become an important factor in our commerce. Speaking confidentially to the boys, Mr. Lincoln added tobacco as another article of value which will now be cultivated to better advantage; but somehow little interest was manifested by the boys in the subject of tobacco.

Mr. Lincoln considered the wisdom of our movement in the Philippines more difficult to find. He favored the expulsion of the Spaniards from the islands; but he agreed thoroughly with Senator Hoar that our manner of handling the Philippines has been unjust and fatal. There was no justice in our policy of playing the part of friends with the Filipinos only so long as we needed their aid in expelling the Spaniards. For us to turn directly about and begin to call them rebels was unjust and poor diplomacy as well. Moreover, the expense which we are incurring in the Philippines is

tremendous, and there is not the least possibility that our trade with the islands—a trade now amounting to a bare four million dollars—will ever increase sufficiently to offset the present drain on our treasury. Mr. Lincoln is one of those who think early negotiations with the Filipinos on the part of our generals would have resulted favorably and saved us much time, money and loss of blood. At least, no policy could have resulted much more disastrously than the one we are now following; force should have been employed only as a final resort.

We have given an incomplete outline of Mr. Wm. H. Lincoln's remarks to the school. It is always with great pleasure that the scholars greet so interesting a speaker and so true a friend of the school; it must, likewise, be a pleasure to him to know, as he surely does, how warmly he is regarded by us all. ——, '99.

A SKETCH

IT is only a winding country road leading from a quiet little village, yet it has a peculiar charm on a hot summer day.

For some distance the way lies among woods. The great trees loom up on either side, some of their leaves having turned to a crimson that is brilliant in the warm sunlight. The golden-rod and purple asters are blooming by the roadside and gleaming far off by some ruined fence which, overgrown with moss, still shows where the old pastures used to lie.

Everything is in quiet; the leaves seem to hang motionless in the lifeless air, and the occasional chirp of the birds from the overhanging boughs seems only to magnify the silence.

Suddenly the road turns, and we stand on a little hill that slopes gradually until at its foot the great sea rolls.

On these hilly pasturelands which separate us from the water, the cattle are quietly grazing while looking in mild astonishment toward those who are disturbing their noonday rest. Here and there ivy-covered walls, gnarled oaks and gray jagged rocks break the monotony of the sloping fields.

On the shore the waves break with so soft a murmur that we forget how angry they sometimes are, and how noisily they can dash upon the rocks. Here an old weather-beaten schooner, half-filled with shells and sand, is lying on the shore, seeming to have ended all its journeys and to be resting quietly in the summer sun.

Now and then we can see a white sail far out at sea, skimming along against the blue sky; or a flock of sea-birds flying over the water, now swooping low over the waves, and now darting high in the air. The peaceful stillness of a summer's day seems to rest on the whole world.

B. F., '00.

THE PHILATELIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

II

Between the years 1862 and 1866 several new postage stamps were issued in the United States; these were of the same denominations as before, but of different shades, with the exception of the two-cent black, upon which "Old Hickory's" familiar features were depicted, and a fifteen-cent stamp, bearing the features of the "Martyr President." Like the issue of September, 1861, the two-cent stamp was intended to render obsolete the stamps in the hands of the Confederates. Concerning it "The Stamp Collector" says: "It is one of the most hideous stamps in existence."

To quote further from this interesting work: "By an act approved July 17th, 1862, notes of the denominations of five, ten, twenty-five

and fifty cents, bearing upon them fac-similes of five- and ten-cent stamps were issued by the United States government; they were receivable for postage at any post-office.

During the year 1867 the stamps of the last issue were re-issued, to prevent their being used twice, with grilles of various shapes on their backs, to make the cancellation ink soak well into the stamps. The many varieties of these grilles make some of these stamps very difficult to obtain.

There's nothing like a change. In 1869 the United States government, wearied by its eight-year-old issue, with all its additions, varieties and grilles, placed in circulation an issue which has served as the forerunner to many others, principally on account of its admirable designs, but also on account of the admirable manner in which these designs were placed. Not until very recent years has a similar issue been brought forth,—one in which divers designs are placed in divers frames. Everything that had so far happened of national importance as well as many national characters was represented upon the stamps of this issue of 1869; their size and poor gum were their only defects, and these caused their removal three years later.

Within the memory of most of the readers of THE SAGAMORE, Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii have been annexed to the United States, so in a Philatelic History of the United States it would be well, thinks the editor, to give a Philatelic History of these islands.

Strange to say, of all these islands the most remote were the first to issue stamps; this they did on the 1st of February, 1854. Everything about these stamps shows a lack of taste; or, if good taste was possessed by the artist he certainly did not apply it. There are two types of this issue precisely alike in ugliness. In 1856, 1859, 1861–62, 1863, 1864, new issues appear, on which Isabella II. grows prettier with age; and in the last issue the value appears in centisimos instead of cuartos or veales plata as before. When Queen Isabel evacuated Spain somewhat hurriedly in 1869 all the stamps were surcharged, "Issued under the Authority of the

Nation," both at home and in the colonies; while next year in the same countries stamps bearing the head of Liberty appeared. On the Philippine stamps, however, Liberty pouts slightly; perchance Manila air did not then agree with her.

Cuba and Puerto Rico used the same stamps up to 1873; so, until we reach that date we shall speak only of the stamps of Cuba. New Year's Day, 1855, the first series of stamps for Cuba appeared; the value in veales plata; the portrait, Isabella the Second. This issue did duty, with various winks and surcharges, until 1862–64, when a new issue of two varieties appeared, similar to the current issues of Spain and the Philippines. The last of these issues was in 1866, surcharged "66" in large black characters; this was supplanted in 1867 by a new issue, which bore the date.

In 1868 the Cuban stamps assumed a square form, and, to distinguish them from all other Spanish stamps, the word "Ultramar" was placed on them; this issue was re-issued in 1869, the date only being changed. But during these last two years a revolution had been going on in Spain, which had, of course, spread to the colonies. Hence these last two Cuban issues also appeared surcharged "Issued under the Authority of the Nation." But next year Liberty, with a somewhat shocked expression at beholding the Havana drainage, appeared; otherwise the stamps were precisely like those of 1867, except for the date. It is a significant fact that in this issue of 1870 the only word beside the value and date is the Spanish word for "Postage." In the next year, however, Spain herself appears seated, gorgeously arrayed, with the Spanish coat-of-arms in her hand, on the stamps which again have "Ultramar" on the upper label. "Postage" also appears, showing that the Cubans are at last to have as fine a stamp as their distracted mother country.

C. L. C., '00.

[*To be continued.*]

NEWS NOTES.

Now, boys, we must prepare to withstand the glory of the girls' "Easter vanities."

Were we dreaming or was there something said some time ago about a Pipe Organ for Shailer Hall? Step up, Alumni!

Perhaps Ian Maclaren was never so honored as during his recent visit to Boston. He had as stage manager one of our seniors, and was escorted by the latter from Boston to Salem.

A large portrait of Ex-President Cleveland appropriately framed in oak, appeared at the Head Master's office, a few weeks ago, addressed to Mr. Sanford. The mystery of its arrival was solved.

Recalling the statement that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," a boy quickly responded to the Physics Teacher's demand for a match; and the pupil's only reward was a meaning laugh from his classmates, and a bad name.

Winthrop Foster is managing the base-ball team. We have heard a rumor that he has already begun his work by arranging for two games on the same afternoon, and that he has capped the climax by writing for a game on a Sunday afternoon.

The Senior German class affords its students a great deal of pleasure. Sometimes they hear of a man who "stuck his head through a door;" sometimes they have a picture presented to them of two large hostile armies, "fighting hand in hand."

We have some hesitation about continuing the Philatelic History of the United States through so many issues; but as nothing of this kind has been printed before and as the article shows much careful study, we trust that its appearance in these numbers will not meet with disapproval.

We are not surprised that the appearance of the March SAGAMORE at the first of April has caused some comment. There was reason for the delay, however. Rather than run into debt we have preferred to be tardy in issuing the paper. The April edition will not be long in following this one.

It should be distinctly borne in mind that anyone who wilfully injures or defaces our admirable building, can not be regarded as a friend of the school, but should be looked upon as an interloper. Such a one has not caught the true Brookline spirit. Let us all show our hearty appreciation of the good things that we have.

We fear that Booker Washington got away from us.

And now our Instructor in Physics speaks of the smaller of two wheels as "the littlest one."

The girls' Basket-ball team has been very successful. May the Base-ball team follow its example.

Chauncey Seaver, '97, made us a welcome call some time since. He is an ardent supporter of Williams.

A Senior felt very much flattered when told that he ought to be a good sprinter; he "covered enough ground."

Mrs. Richards' recitations were indeed interesting and splendidly given. Who will marvel if "the twins" become orators?

In the last meet George Ainsworth reached the school's new record in the high jump. The record is five feet, five inches and a half.

There is no school building in the country, so far as we can learn, that is better ventilated, more uniformly heated or better lighted than the B. H. S.

In spite of all care taken in preparing a paper, misprints are bound to appear. In the last issue of THE SAGAMORE, by one of these freaks of the press, the word "frivolous" was printed in place of "serious."

A new flag has been purchased for the school at the request of Mr. Packard. The old flag is and has long been in such a happy-go-lucky condition that to see it is to admire the strength of will that still holds it together.

The music alone, furnished by the Hampton quartette, was well worth the subscription which we sent to the school. There is something about the rich natural voice of the negro which other races seem unable to imitate.

Some of us were discouraged, some of us inspired by Miss Rooney's performance; discouraged because of our comparative awkwardness; inspired because of our desires to strive for the high standard of excellence which she so well represented.

Some of "the third class babes" have attempted a new method of writing the English language. In correcting the examination papers Miss Frost found "citersins" and "faltz," sometime spelled by those who still stand by Webster, "citizens" and "false." Shall we start a class in spelling?

Two of the teachers are to be married in June; guess who!

Wanted — an indistructible pane of glass for the boys' entrance.

One pane of glass, anyway, was broken by the girls. So much for their cheering.

There may have been others as late as we were to hear of Walter Boyce's marriage.

Whenever Miss Johnson finds a difficult German sentence, she writes beside it "Examen."

Junior translating: "Scarcely can I contain the arms and weapons of these men——"

The Senior class in review Algebra is being taught to factor by a "try it and see" method—Great fun!

Attempting, it may be, to follow the steps of the "new woman," many of the girls now enter the building by the boys' entrance.

It is said that the boys' gymnasium is to be thoroughly furnished with approved apparatus. All depends upon the town meeting.

The vain Seniors have decided to have their pictures taken before a summer sun shall have tanned and disfigured their complexions.

Preparations are being made for a joint debate between Brookline and Newton. Brookline hopes and intends to hold its end up.

Have you seen the steam launch in the rear of the basement? It is to enable the engineer to navigate about the boilers in event of another freshet.

We are told that liquid air "lives in" a temperature of three hundred and twelve degrees below zero; and then they promise to *heat* our homes by it.

Aside from its regular class picture, '99 should have a photograph taken just as it appears in the class-room. Such a picture would be a fine souvenir of school times. Now Mr. Cook has a camera and he does good work. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Over the door of a dry goods store in Fort Kent, Maine, there is a sign which reads as follows:—

"Since man to man 's been so unjust
No man can know which man to trust.
No credit here!"

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, S. Henry Skilton, Jr., High School, Brookline.

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

PERHAPS no place could be found where a suggestion is less efficient than in an editorial column. Month after month the column presents ideas and theories aiming at the advancement of the various interests in the school, and month after month the ideas and theories are set aside as mere ravings or fancies, amusing, but worthless. It is with tears of despair, therefore, that we present one more plan to the scholars — an Easter offering.

Behind the school there is a splendid level plot of ground set aside for the use of the girls. They use this ground perhaps twice a week, perhaps fewer times. Very little enthusiasm seems to be

felt by them over its possession; doubtless very little sorrow would be expressed were it even to be taken from them for a short time.

Now it is not our wish that the girls' property be usurped; we are simply going to ask the girls to share their land with the boys. To come right down to the proposition, we are extremely anxious to see the girls' playground converted into a series of tennis courts, to be used both by girls and boys. The rear playground could probably contain some four or five double courts and could accommodate sixteen players for every afternoon of the week. The girls could still have their two afternoons each week for exercise, and then the ground could be used to great advantage by boys for the rest of the time. If the girls would not have ever so much more genuine pleasure as well as exercise than they now enjoy, then tennis is not the game we think it to be. Moreover, on certain afternoons the boys and girls *might* play together (an argument by which we calculate to make a deep impression).

Until we find out definitely whether our plan is feasible from the point of view of the authorities, our suggestions must remain very vague and unsettled. Of course, the financial side of the question is of some importance, and an agreement would have to be made whereby the town should share expenses with the students who are interested. Dirt courts, however, on such an excellent foundation should cost but little.

Now what we have desired to do in this edition is simply to bring before the minds of the tennis lovers of the school a picture of a glorious chance which persistence may be able to make a reality; and to point out a way by which the girls' playground may be used to the greater advantage of both sexes. If we have overstepped our bounds, this suggestion may be regarded as all past plans have been — as mere ravings and fancies. If there are any, on the other hand, who see some value in our ravings, will they mention the fact to us personally or by note.

It is difficult for some to understand how it is that the attacks on the sparrows in Boston have aroused so much feeling in the hearts of women. For years a much greater slaughter of far more

intelligent and beautiful birds has been witnessed with unconcern. The rapid extermination of southern birds for the sake of trimming hats and satisfying the vanities of the vain, has been regarded as a matter of course — as unfortunate, but as a necessary result of women's natural love and demand for the beautiful. And now the very ones who have countenanced the extinction of species after species of charming, unoffending birds, suddenly rise in arms because the sparrows, birds of a low order and harmful to civilization, are being of necessity driven from the city. They allow birds to be killed in order that money may be made and pretty feathers be gained; but are horrified when officials, working disinterestedly for the good of the community, deem it advisible to check the alarming increase in a kind of bird which does not do its part in ridding the country of insects. Such surprising absence of logic and reason on the part of the sex, certainly retards that day when women shall be considered suited to vote and judge side by side with men.

ATHLETICS

THE tenth annual indoor meet of the Brookline High School Athletic Association, which was held March 9th, in the Town Hall, was the most successful held for years. There were more than one hundred entries, and every event was well contested. The meet was also a financial success, notwithstanding the fact that handsome silver beer mugs were given as prizes.

As usual the potato race furnished much amusement for the spectators. C. B. Marshall, 1900, won the event, as he did last year, by careful and fast running. In the final heat he was closely pressed by W. E. Adams, 1900, and P. Q. Dana, '99, who finished in the above order. The school record of 5 feet 3 inches for the high jump was broken by R. L. Shewell, 1900, who won great praise by clearing the bar at 5 feet 5½ inches. The other stars of the evening were C. B. Marshall, 1900, and S. Henry Skilton, Jr., '99. Much praise is due to Sidney T. Strickland for the way he managed the meet, as the greater part of the hard work fell upon his shoulders. The struggle for points between the classes was at first very close, but toward the end 1900 came to the front. The score was, 1900, 38 points; '99, 23 points, and 1901, 2 points.

The following is a summary: —

Twenty-yard dash — First heat, won by S. Henry Skilton, '99; F. W. Wead, '01, second. Second heat, won by S. Smith, '01; W. E. Adams, '00, second. Third heat, won by C. B. Marshall, '00; W. A. Quigley, '02, second. Fourth heat, won by E. N. Dorr, '00; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, second. First semi-final heat, won by S. Henry Skilton, '99; S. Smith, '01, second; time 2 1-5s. Second semi-final heat, won by E. N. Dorr, '00; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, second; time 3s. Final heat, won by E. N. Dorr, '00; S. Henry Skilton, '99, second; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, third; time 3 1-5s.

Potato race — Trial heats won by J. W. Tuckerman, Jr., '00; F. W. Wead, '01; C. B. Marshall, '00; P. Dana, '99; E. N. Dorr, '00. First semi-final heat, won by C. B. Marshall, '00; J. W. Tuckerman, '00, second; time 23 2-5s. Second semi-final heat, won by W. E. Adams, '00; P. Dana, '99, second; time 23s. Final heat won by C. B. Marshall, '00; W. E. Adams, 00, second; P. Dana, '99, third; time, 23s.

Twenty-yard dash, junior — First heat, won by O. Wilbur; P. C. Morse, second; time 3 3-5s. Second heat, won by M. A. McGrael; P. Jones, second; time, 3 3-5s. Third heat, won by W. A. Quigley; H. E. Hoole, second; time, 3 2-5s. Final heat, won by W. A. Quigley; O. Wilbur, second; P. C. Morse, third; time, 3 1-5s.

Twenty-five-yard hurdle — First heat won by S. H. Skilton, '99; A. Converse, '00, second; time, 4 3-5s. Second heat, won by C. B. Marshall, '00; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, second; time, 4 3-5s. Final heat, won by C. B. Marshall, '00; A. Converse, '00, second; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, third; time 4 1-5s.

Slow bicycle race — Won by F. Rice, '99; C. Tuckerman, '00, second; A. Latham, '00, third.

Running high jump — Won by R. S. Shewell, '00; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, second; D. Hennessey, '01, third. Height — 5ft. 5 1-2in.

Putting 16-pound shot — Won by S. H. Skilton, '99; R. A. Shewell, '00, second; D. Hennessey, '01, third. Distance — 30ft. 8 1-2in.

Jump, step and jump — Won by E. W. Morse, '00; S. H. Skilton, '99, second; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, third. Distance — 27ft. 1 1-2in.

THE CREW

The success attending the introduction of rowing among the schools by the Boston Athletic Association last season has encouraged the Brookline High School to support a crew. A meeting of all those interested in rowing was recently held and after deciding to form a crew C. E. Fox, 1900, was elected captain. The other teams in the rowing league are, English High, Roxbury Latin, Boston Latin, Cambridge High and Latin, Brown and Nichols, Volkman, Noble and Greenough and Somerville High. On April 1st all the candidates will meet coach Glendon at the B. A. A. boat house. About twenty fellows have signified their intention of trying for the crew. Among the most promising are R. L. Shewell, P. Fox, Henry Green and H. Dexter.

BASEBALL

The baseball players seem more eager to get to playing than ever before, and Captain Skilton will probably set the batteries at work

right away. Lancy, Robblin and Skilton are the pitchers, Wilcox and Quigley will do the catching. The new candidates for the infield positions are Marshall, Dana and Strickland. The following games have already been arranged: April 7th, Roxbury Latin; April 12th, Tech. 1902; April 20th, Harvard 1902, at Cambridge; April 22d, Groton, at Groton; May 17th, St. Mark's, at Southboro; May 22d, Tufts 2d, at Somerville; and May 24th, Newton High, at Brookline.

RELAY TEAM.

The trials for the relay team, which ran at the interscholastic meet, were run on the afternoon of March 13th; the distance for each man was 390 yards. The following is a list of men who tried, with the times of the six fastest:—

H. Dexter,	50 seconds.	J. Marshall
F. Wilcox,	50 3-5 "	C. B. Marshall.
C. L. Perkins,	51 "	Mills.
J. Adams,	52 "	Quigley.
A. D. Converse,	52 "	Green.
G. R. Ainsworth,	53 "	W. Adams.
P. Fox.		D. Hennessey.
S. T. Strickland, Jr.		

BASKET BALL.

The girls' basket ball team seems to be the most successful athletic team which the school supports. A large proportion of the girls of the school turned out at these games, and without doubt an equally large percentage of the boys would turn out if they could. On March 11th the girls played Newton High. At the end of two fifteen-minute halves of skillful playing the score stood 12 goals to 5 in favor of Brookline. The players and positions are:—

Miss W. Morlock, g. t.	Miss L. Quinlan, c. g.
Miss M. Donovan, g. t.	Miss E. Mackay, captain, g.
Miss T. White, center.	Miss A. Seaver, manager, g.
Miss A. Clough, c. g.	Miss C. Beard, substitute.

Miss Seaver and Miss Morlock did the most brilliant work for Brookline. The cheering was led by Miss B. Lauriat, and the cheers were given in a manner which the boys would do well to copy.

On March 13th the team played Longwood and won by a score of 12–4. This score was exceptionally good when we take into consideration that the Longwood team was made up, for the most part, of graduates of the school who formerly played on the team.

J. Winthrop Foster, *Sporting Editor.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

Marion Hay, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

We are gratified that the article "The Old High School House," written by our former principal Mr. J. Emory Hoar, was considered *readable* by the Exchange Editor of the Souvenir. While we always feel honored to receive contributions from old friends of the school, we were especially pleased to publish for the benefit of the B. H. S. students, past and present, an article written by one so intimately associated with our school as Mr. Hoar. We are grateful to the Editor for the paternal spirit exhibited in commenting upon matter pertaining so entirely to Brookline.

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What a very well arranged paper is the Bulletin of the Montclair High School! The staff is to be congratulated upon the result of their efforts.

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We were prompted by interest to begin, and by curiosity to finish a story named "Bashful Jack and His Fate," published in the Phoenix——, but we have no comment to make.

We are again in debt to the Exchange Editor of the Souvenir for calling our attention to errors in the grammar of our much respected contributor, Senekerim Magari. In reading the article written by him we were so interested to learn about the peculiar tribe of which he wrote, and so absorbed in marveling that in one short year he had acquired such good English, that we lost sight of his possible errors. We even went so far as to wonder if in the same length of time we could have written in his tongue sufficiently well to be understood.

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The February Hermonite contains several bright and well-constructed stories. Among them are "Miss Amanda's Strategy,' and "Oh Future, What Thou Holdest."

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The Exchange Column of the High School Student of Bridgeport is excellent. We like the fearless yet just spirit of its criticisms.

HUMOR

Superstition: To meet a funeral procession is a sure sign of death.—[Ex.

What relation is there between a loaf of bread and a locomotive?

Bread is a necessity; the locomotive is an invention; necessity is the mother of invention; therefore bread is the mother of the locomotive.—[Ex.

"I've brought you home a pug, my dear," said the fond papa.

"Oh, you dear, good papa," exclaimed his enraptured daughter, "It's just like you."—[Ex.

How did Henry VIII. differ from other men as a suitor?

He married his wives and axed them afterwards.

The maiden may not go to war,
That boon is not allowed her:
But oft at home she's seen and faced
A puff of "smokeless powder." —[Ex.

Spanish admiral—"Do you know of any way we can surprise the enemy?"

Spanish captain (musiningly)—"Well, we might hit one of their ships."—[Ex.

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This is another of Mr. Tomlinson's stirring stories of Revolutionary days. Two boys have part in important scenes, one acting the hero in the battle of Monmouth; and Washington and other famous persons figure in the interesting story.

In the Brave Days of Old.

A Story of Adventure in the Time of King James the First. By RUTH HALL. With a Frontispiece illustration. 12mo, $1.50.

A book of stirring adventures, for boys. Giles Valentine, an English boy, and Jan Verrooy, a Dutch boy, together have a hand in many historical events in England, Holland, France and America, such as warning of the Gunpowder Plot, sailing with Henry Hudson in the *Half Moon*, etc. This story has a good historic background, and is told with great spirit.

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Private Schooner of New York. A Tale of 1765. By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler," "The Boys of 1745," etc. With a Frontispiece Illustration. 12mo, $1.50.

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Dorothy Deane.

A story for Children. By ELLEN OLNEY KIRK, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," etc. With illustrations. 16mo, $1.25.

Mrs. Kirk here shows that she can write as interesting stories for children as for older readers. The girls in it are very real girls, and the story is natural, wholesome, rich in fun, and prettily illustrated.

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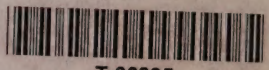

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